



DELL
COMIC

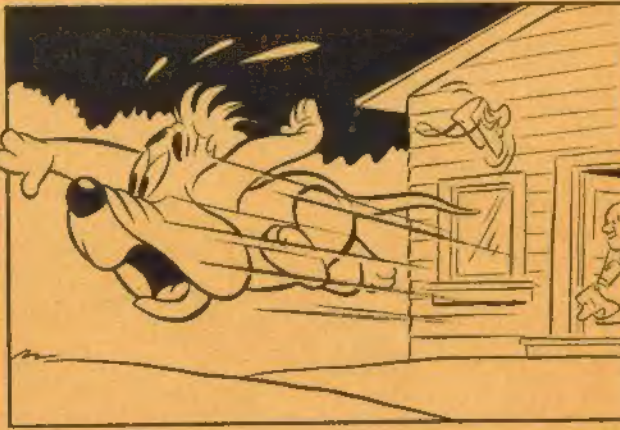
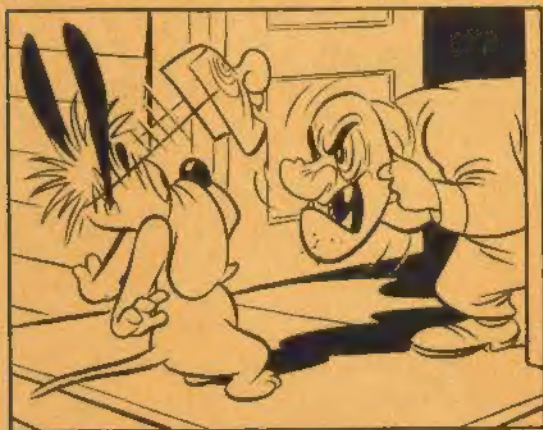
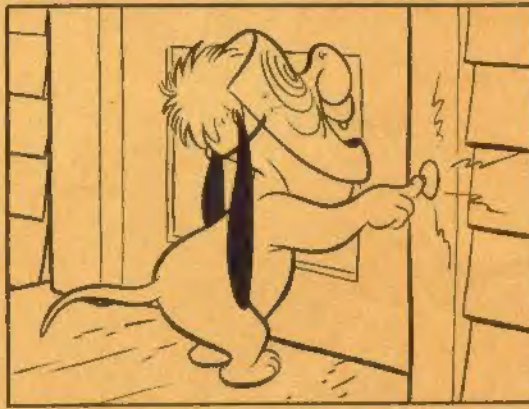
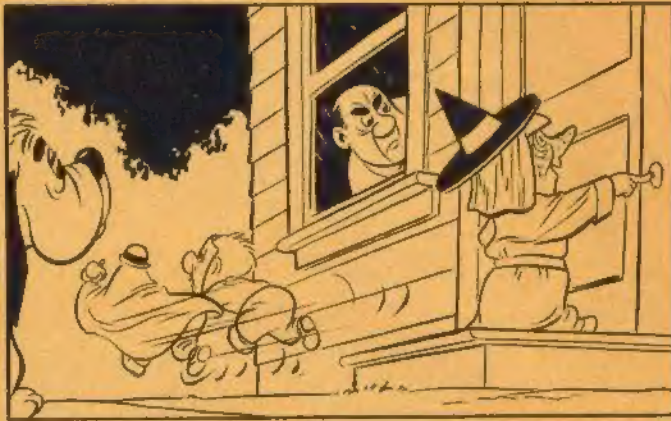
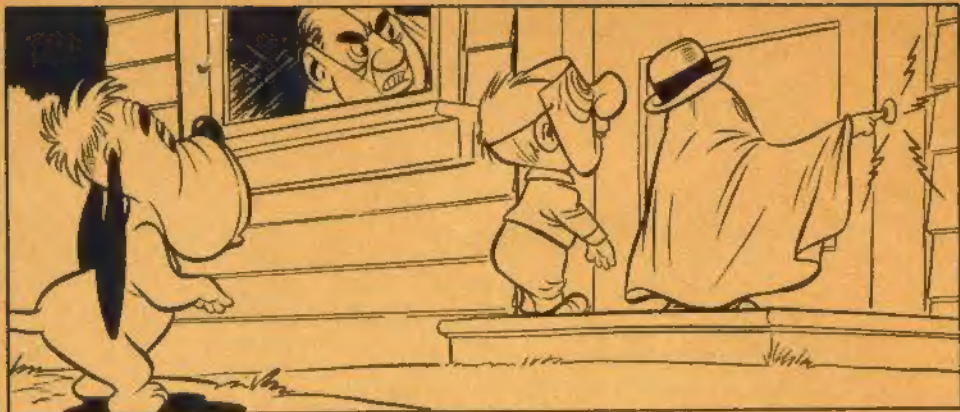
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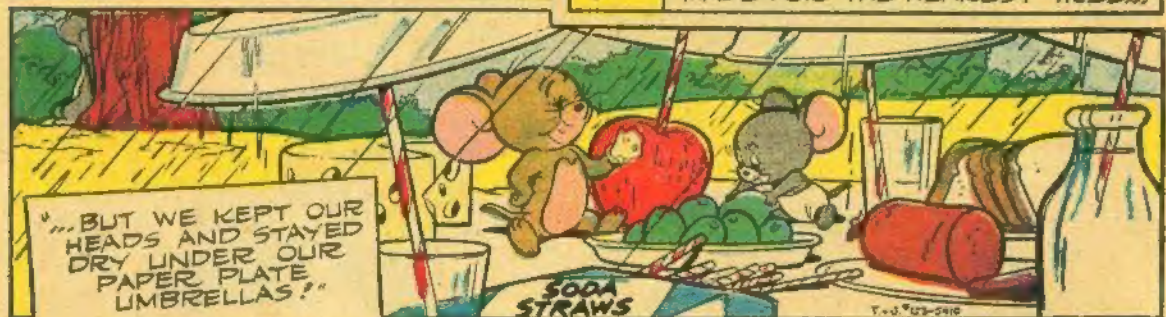
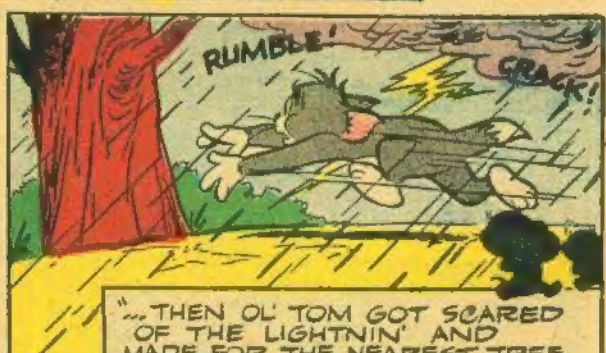
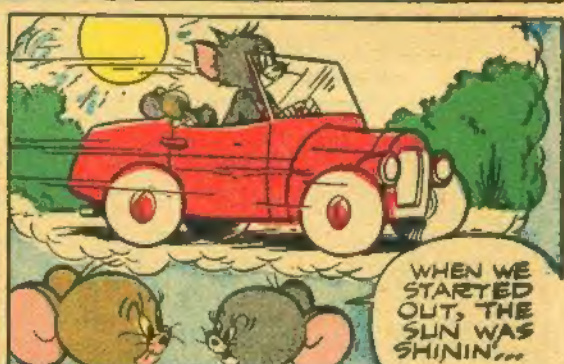
OCTOBER

Tom and Jerry

Comics

DRORY



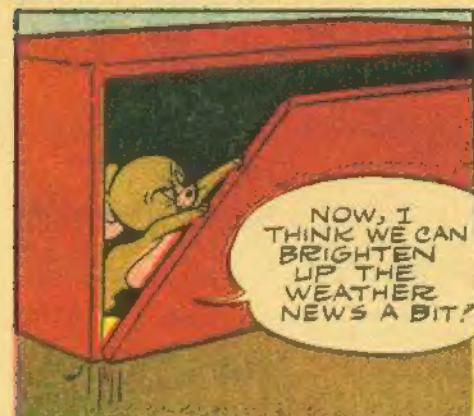
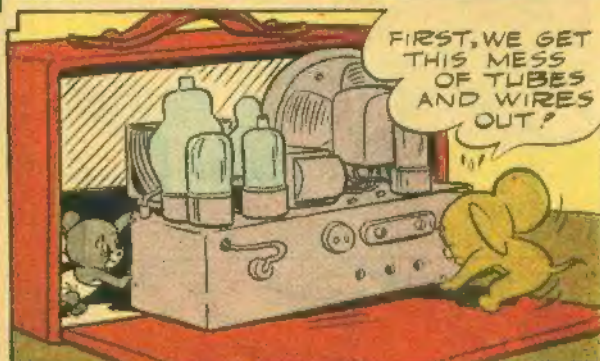
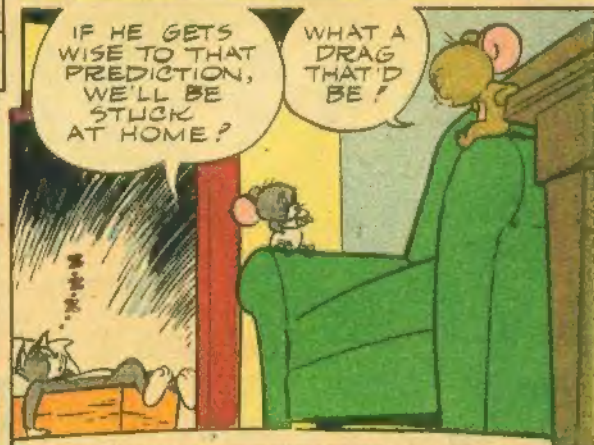
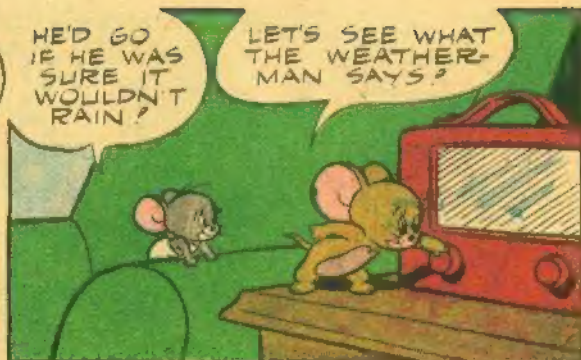
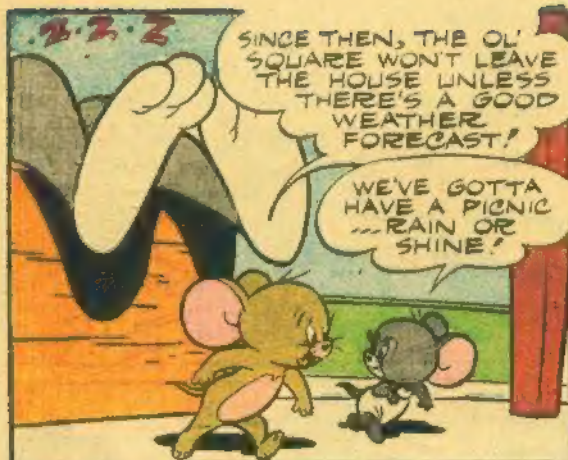


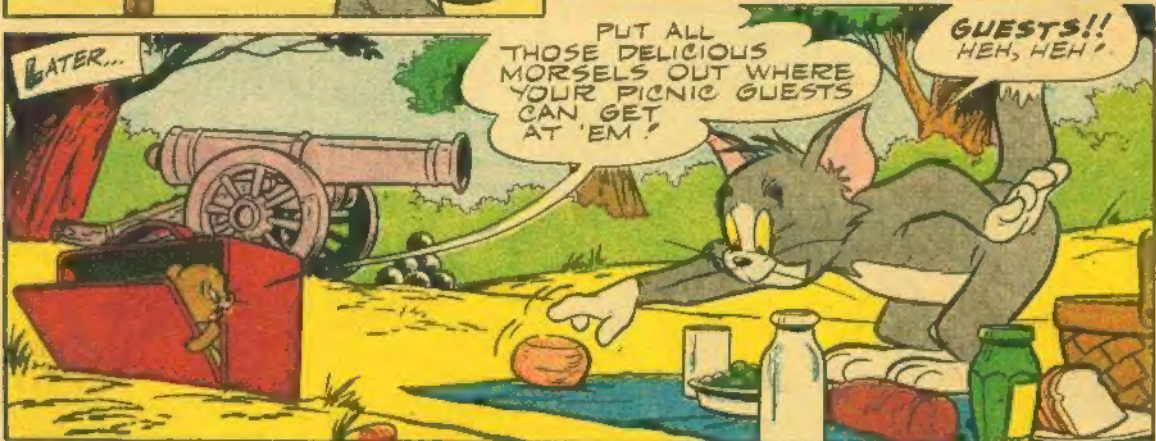
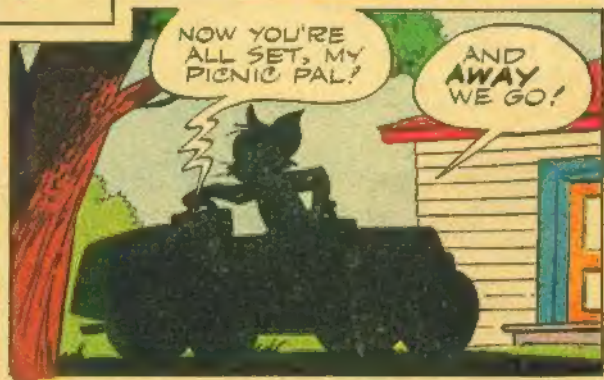
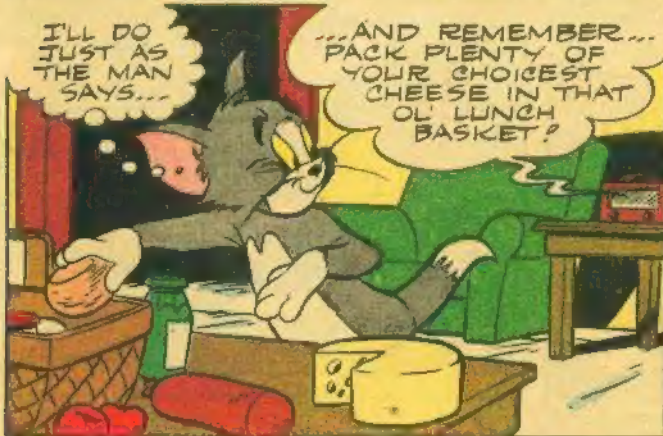
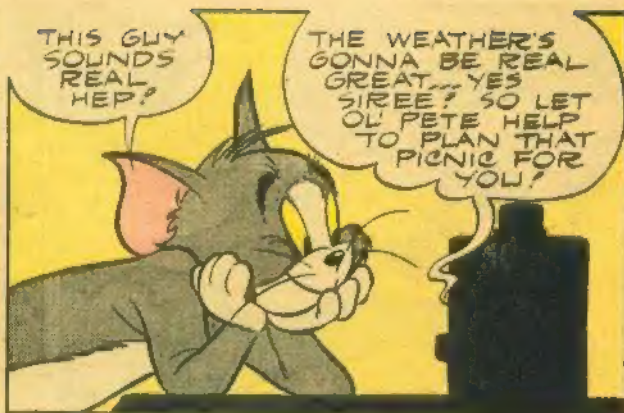
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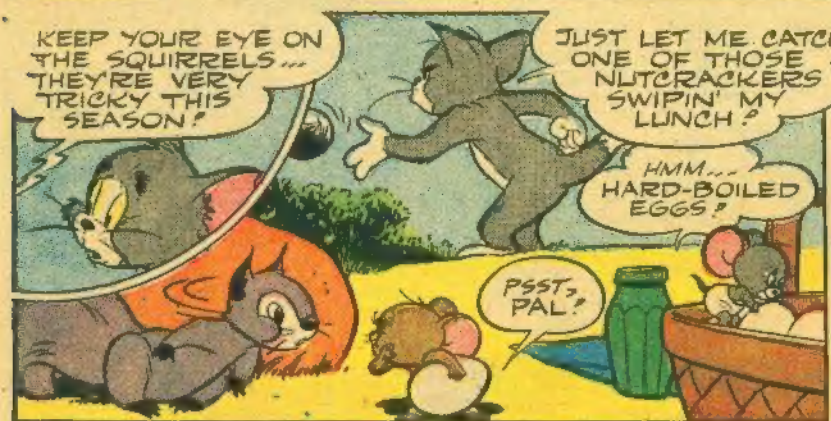
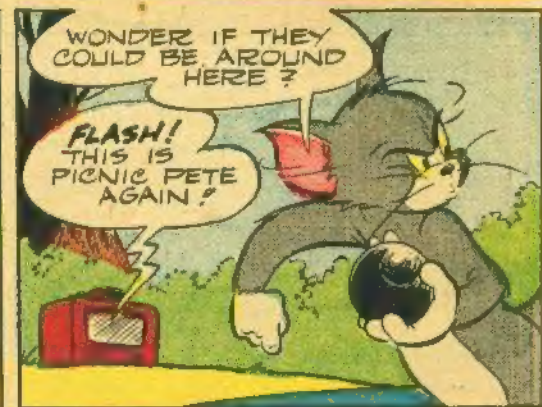
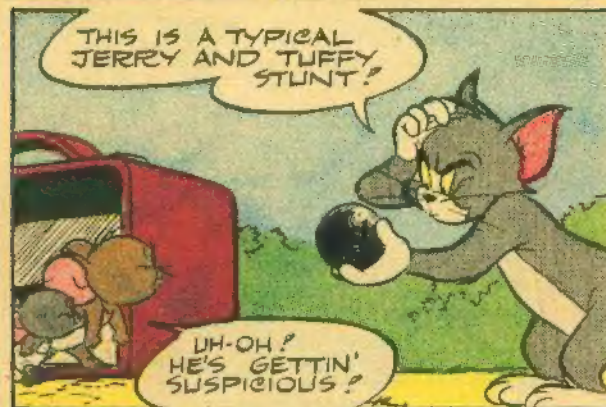
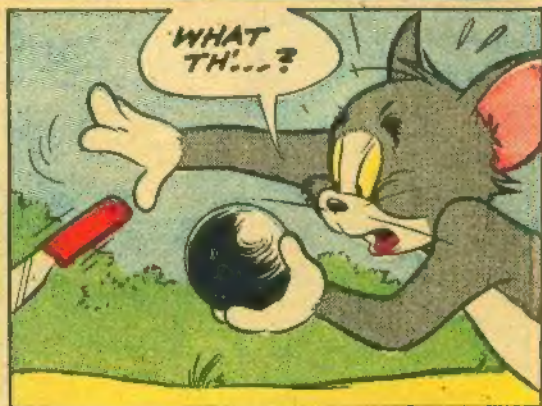
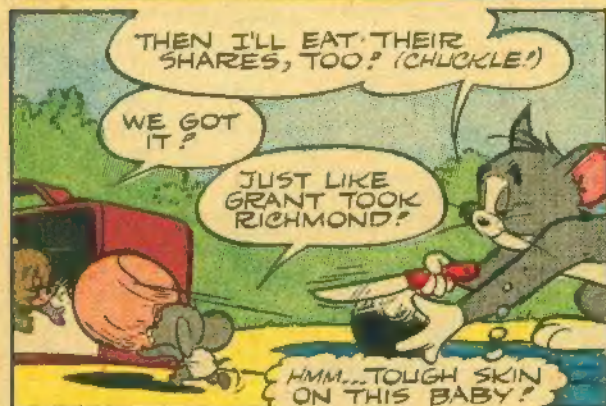
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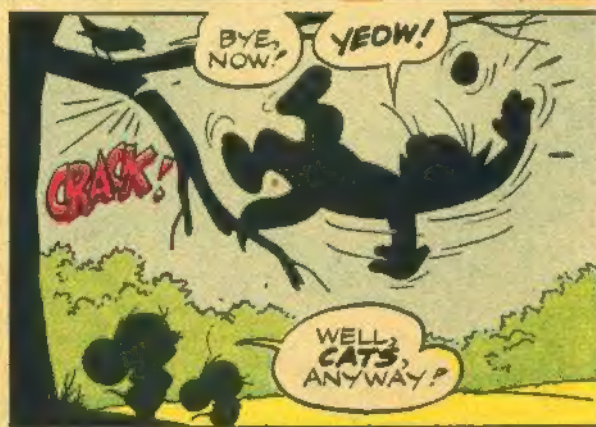
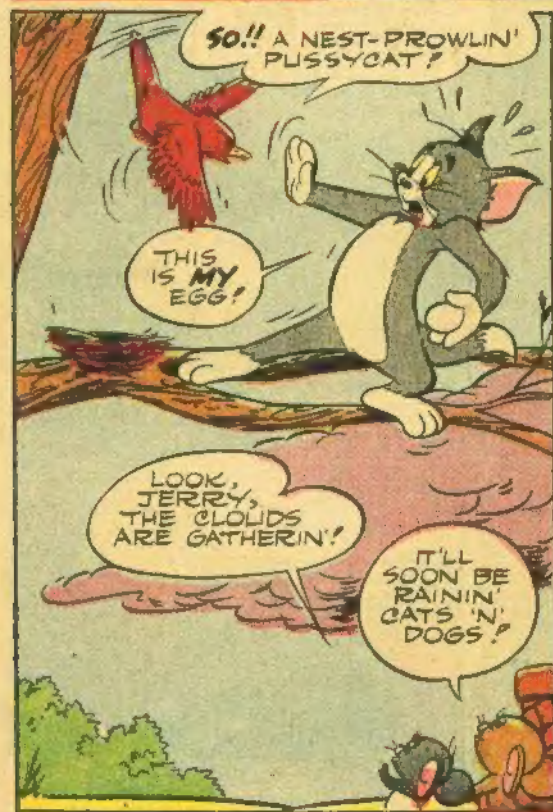
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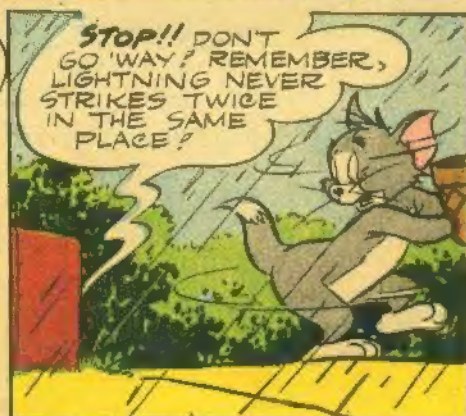
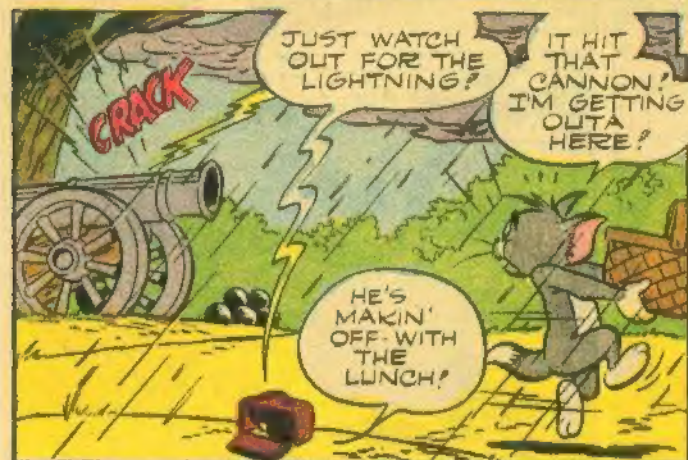
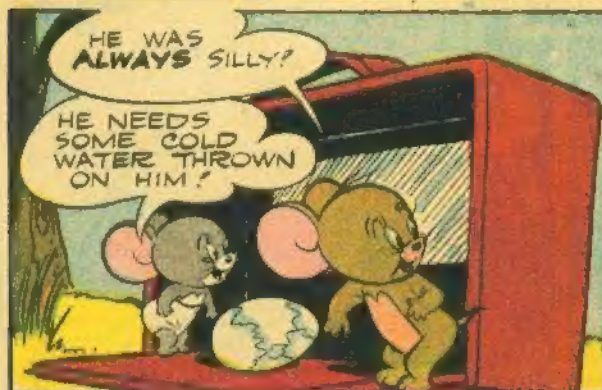
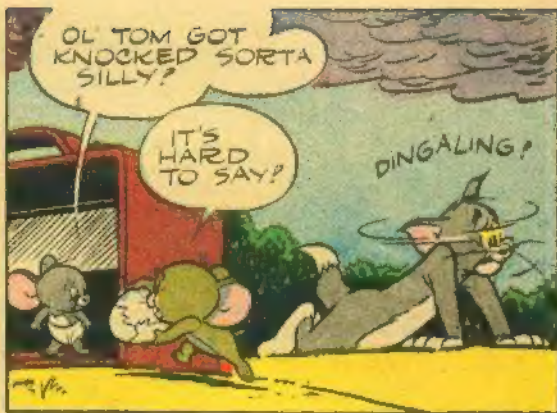
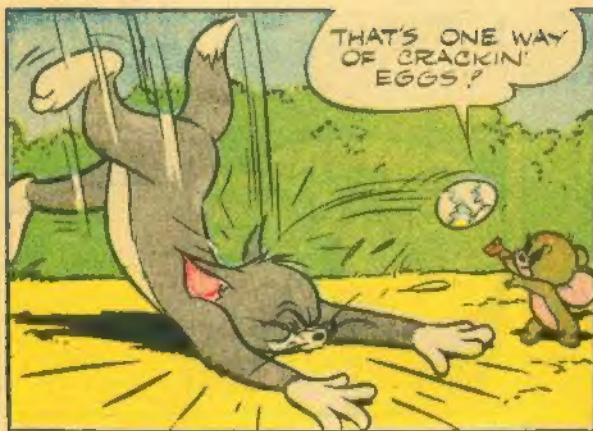
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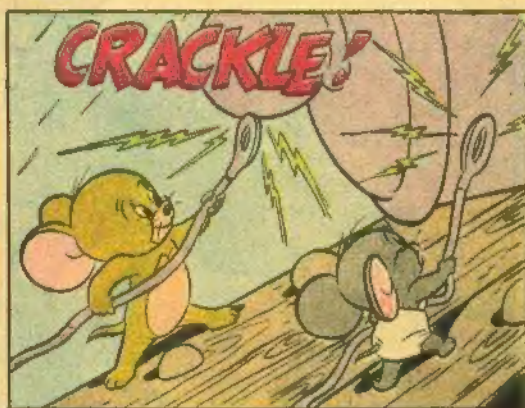
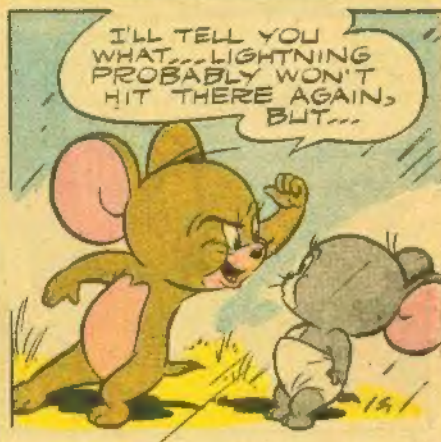
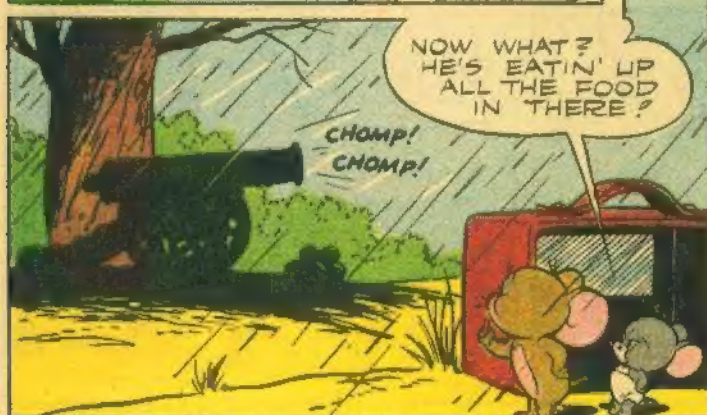
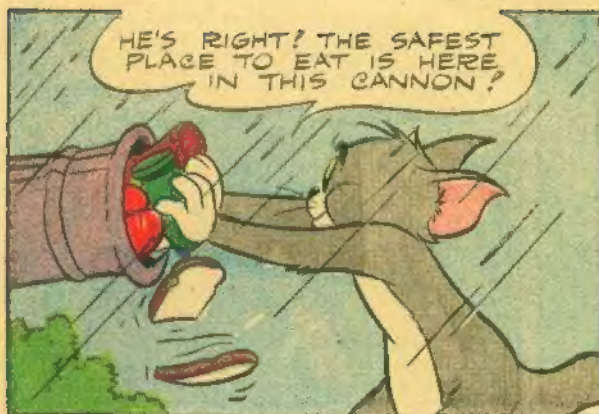




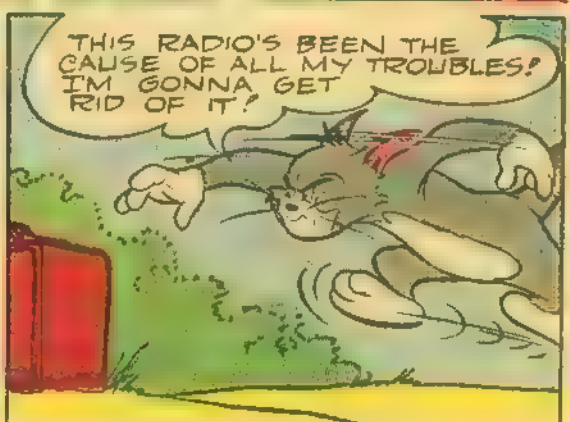
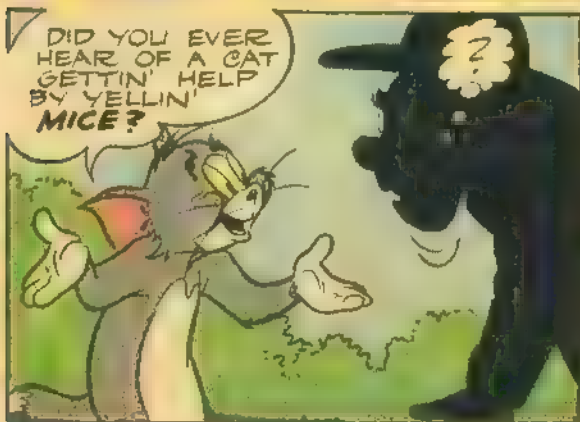
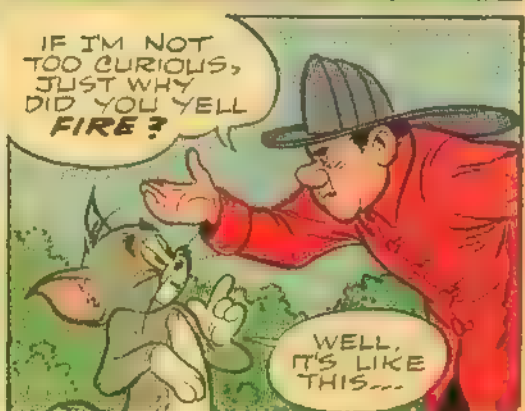
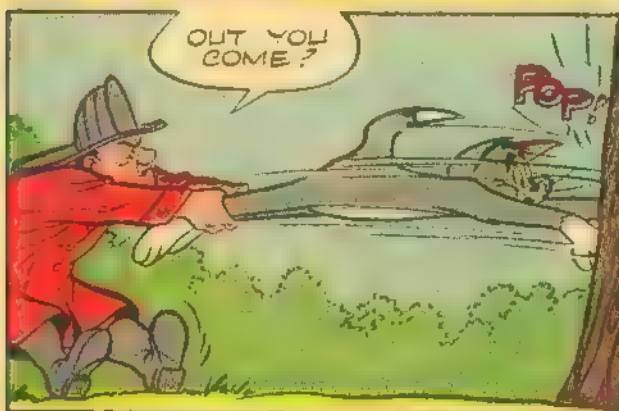
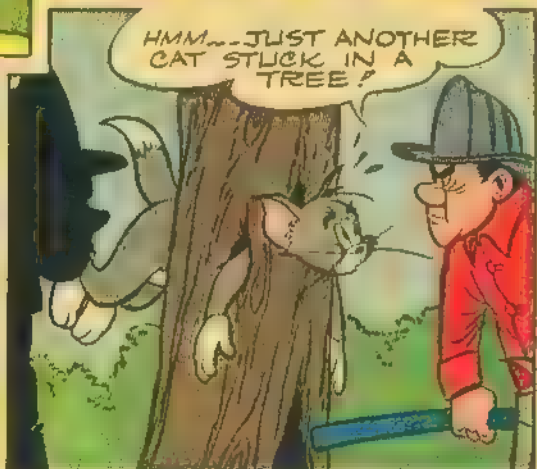
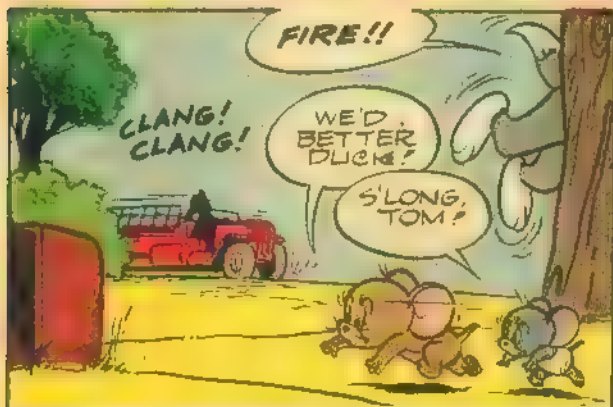
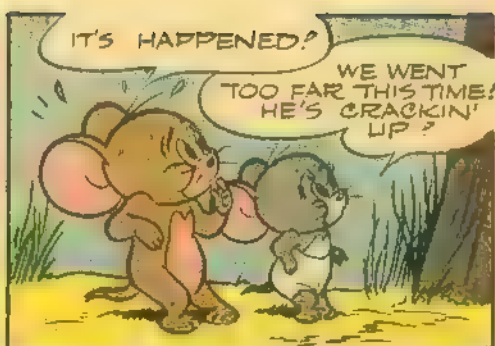


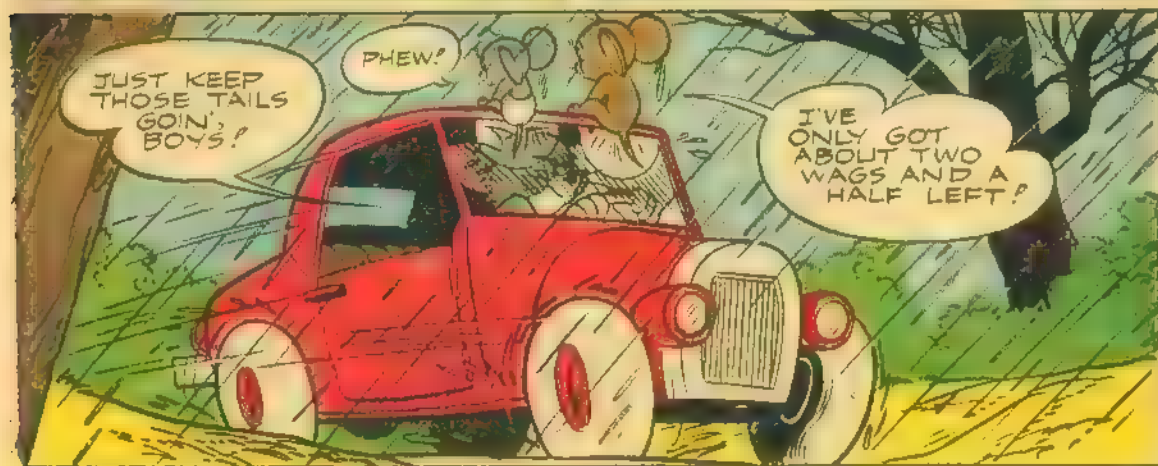
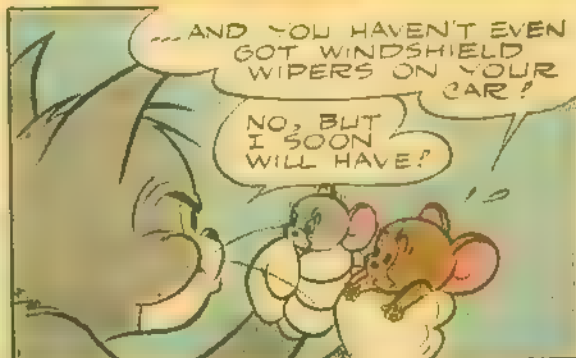
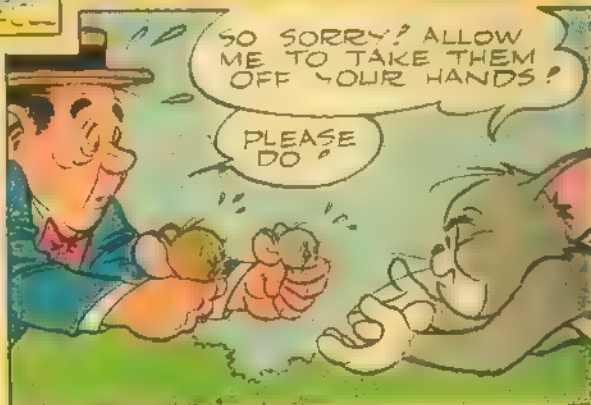
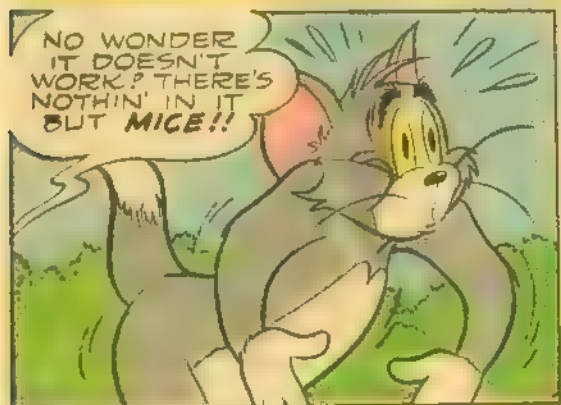
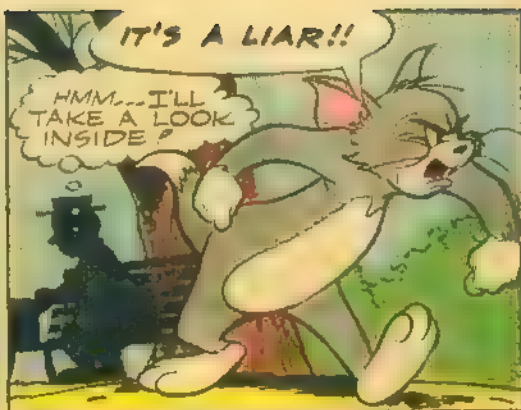
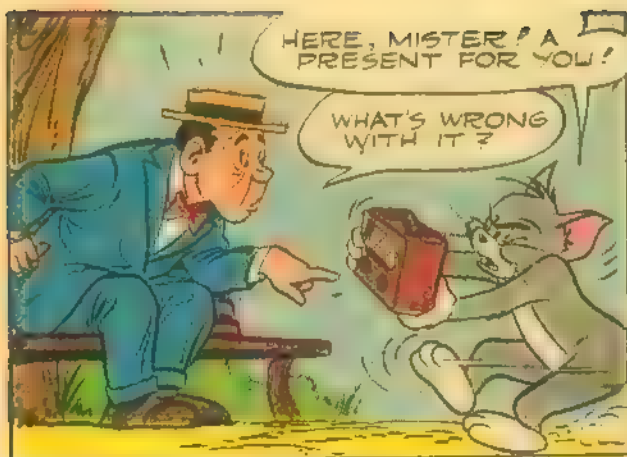






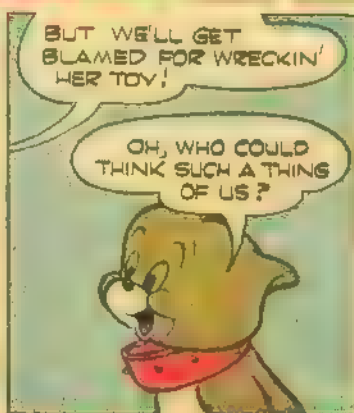
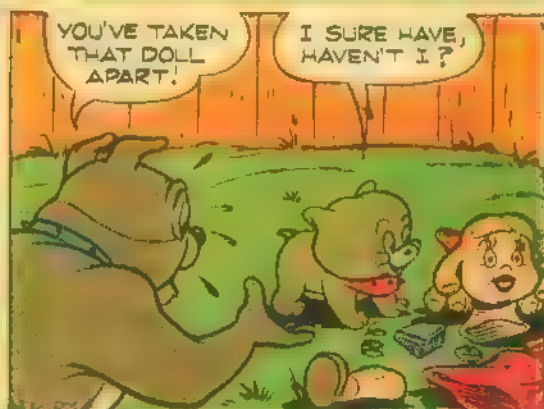
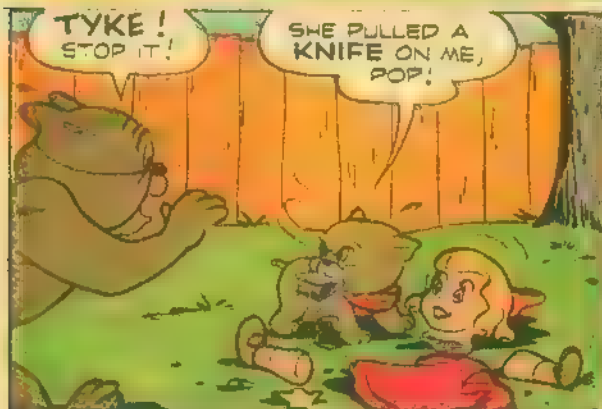
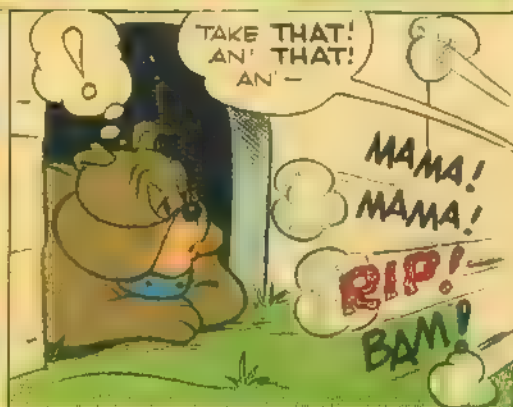
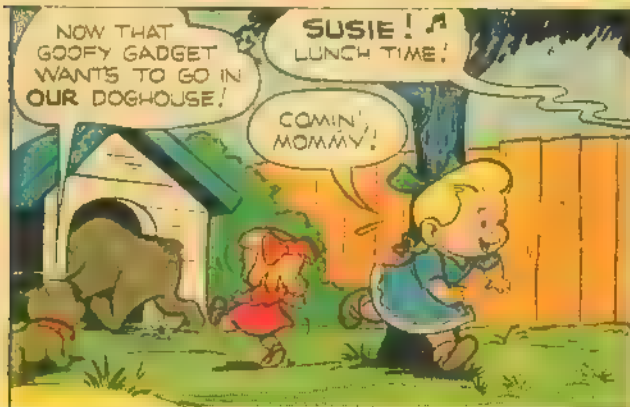
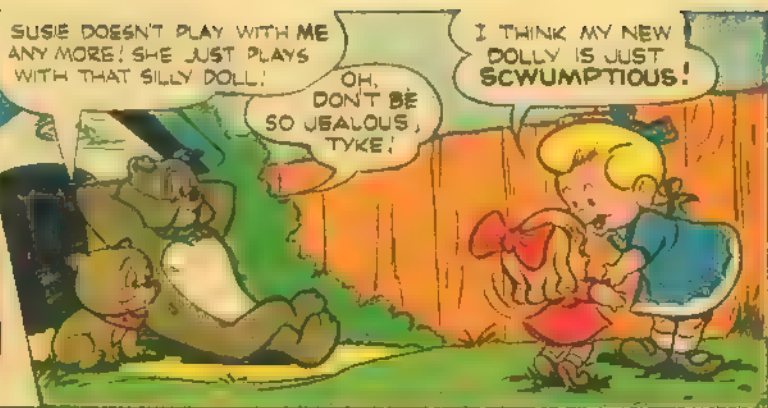


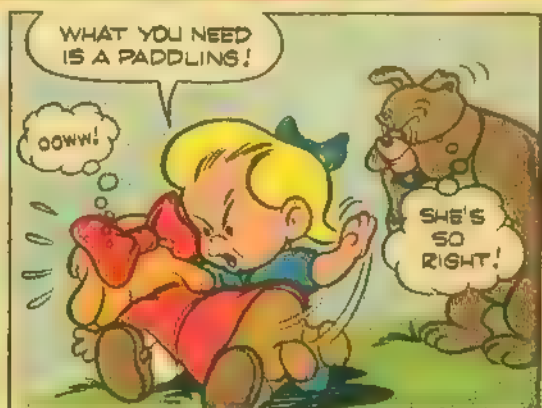
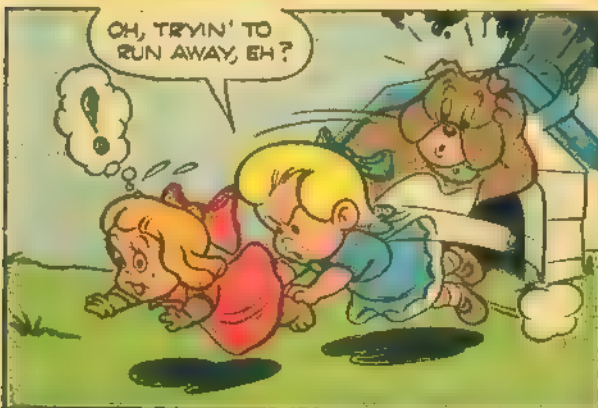
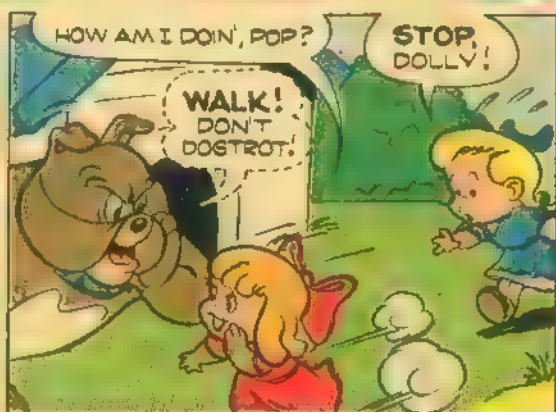
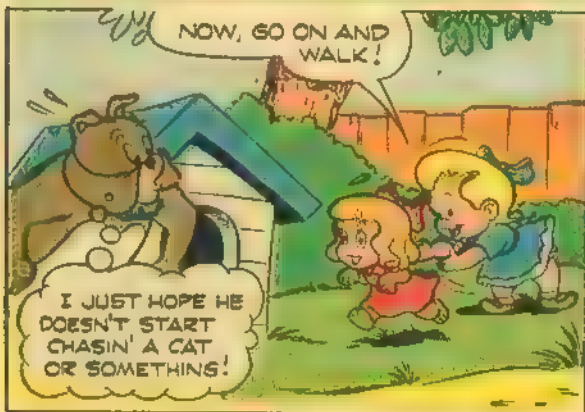
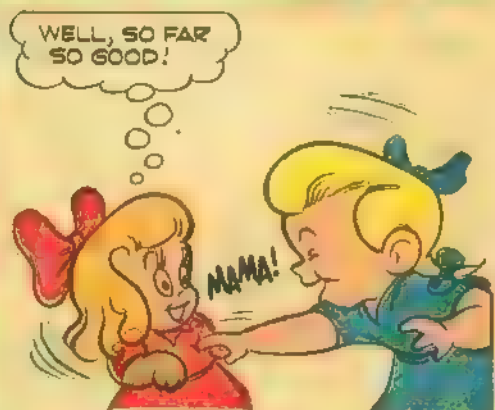
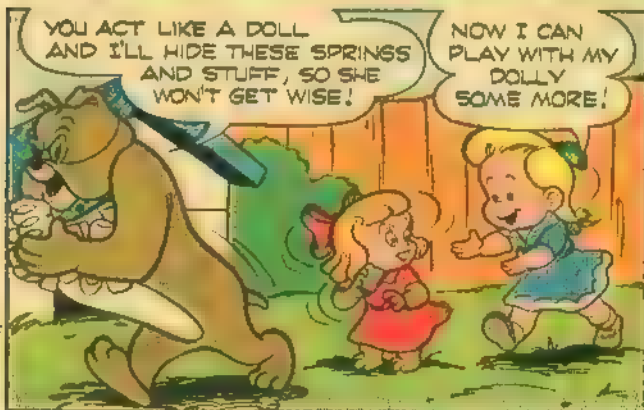
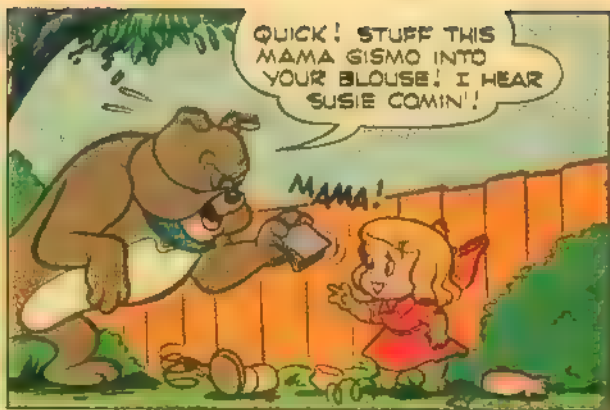
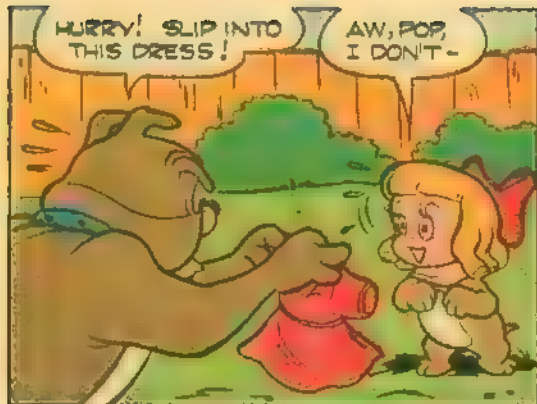


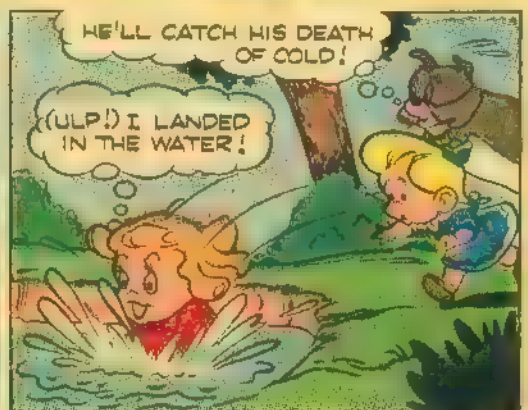
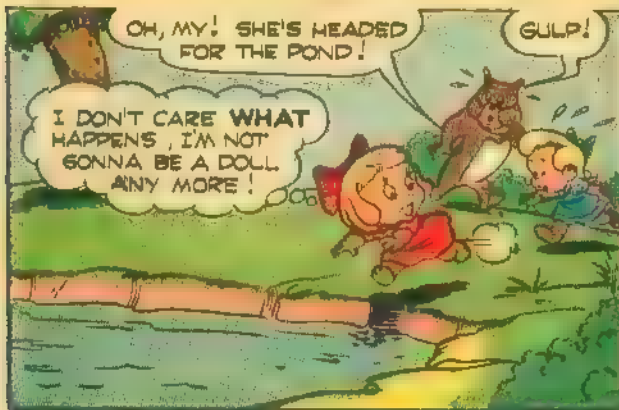
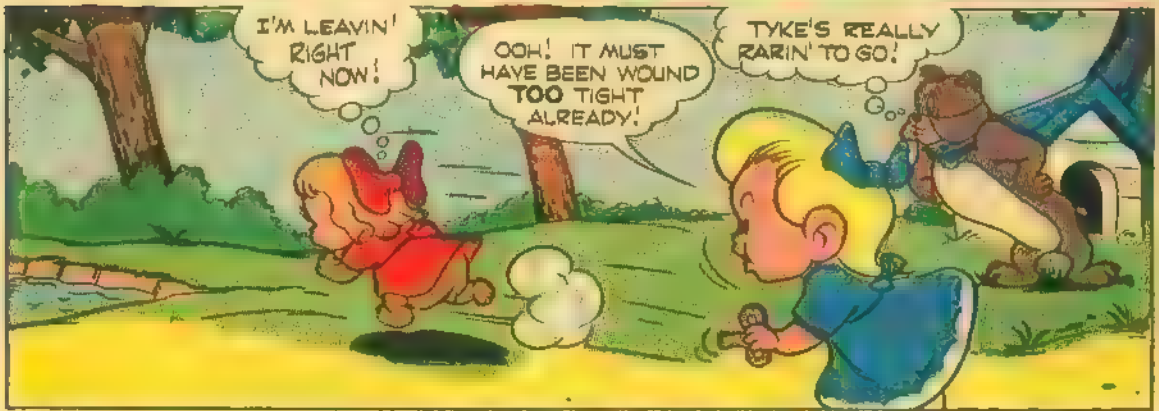
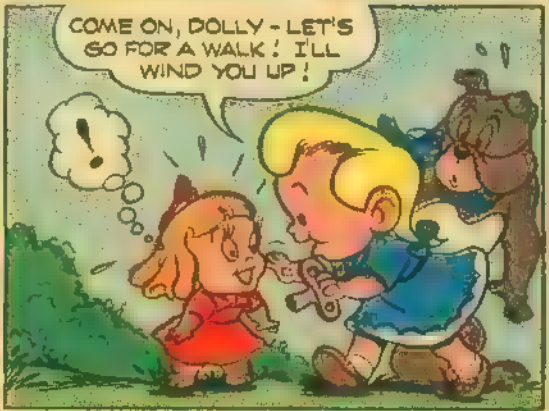
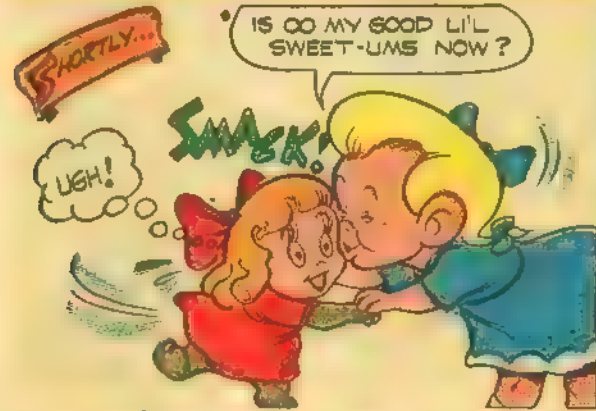
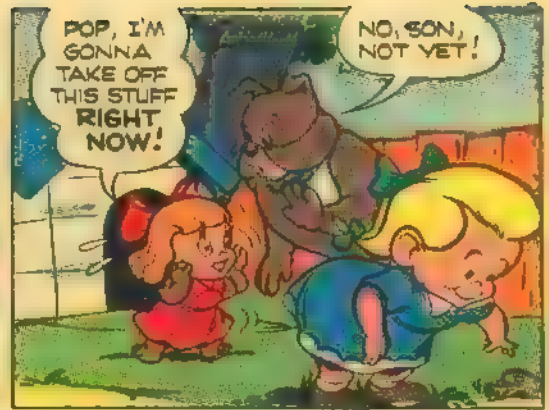
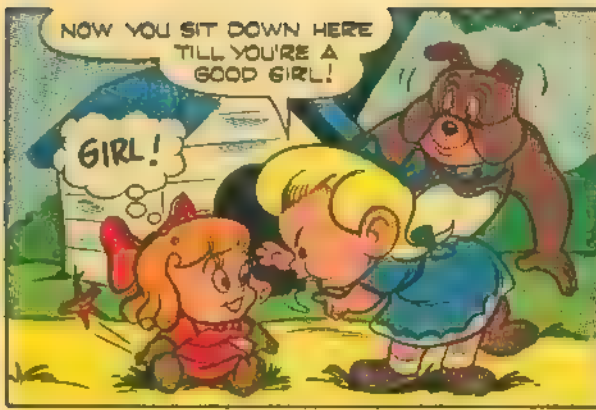


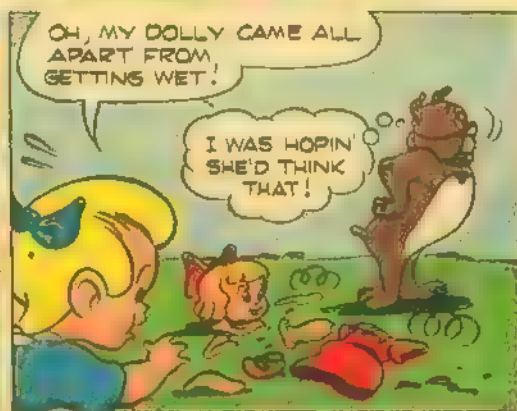
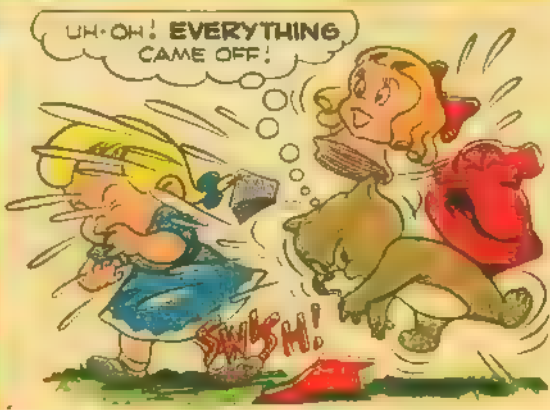
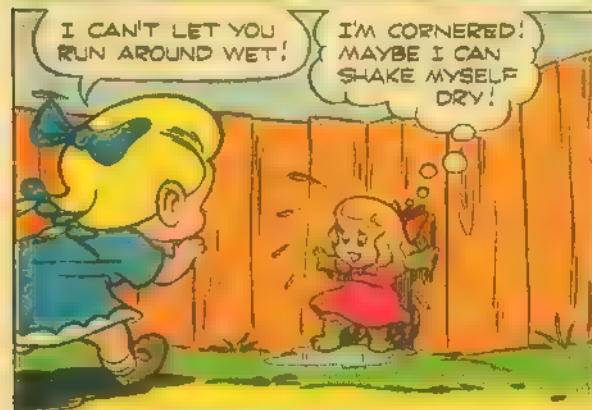
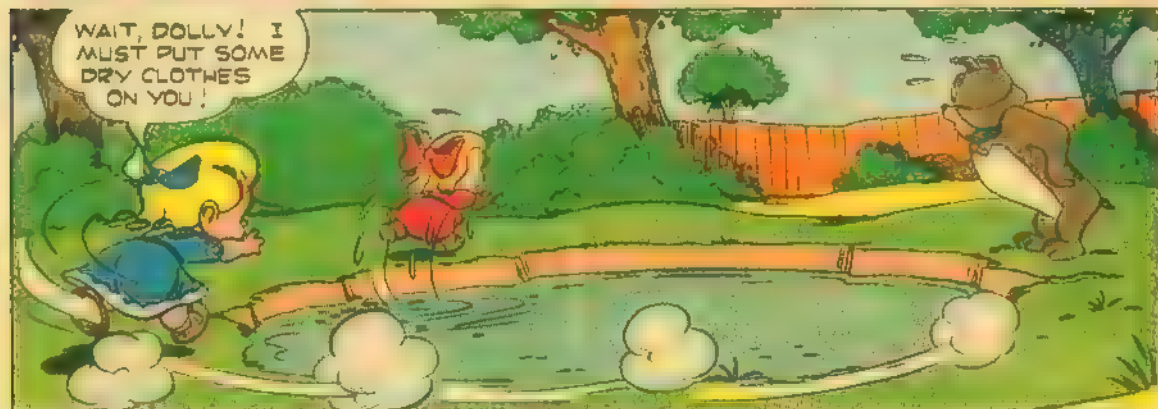
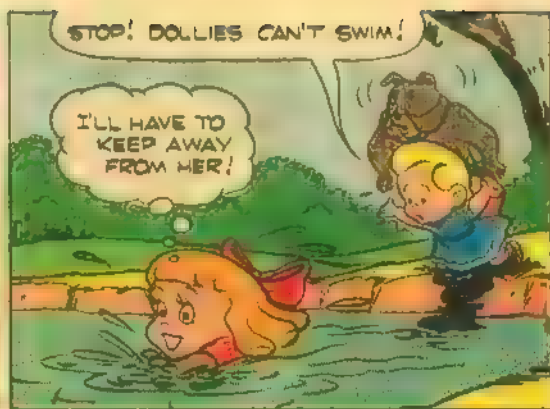
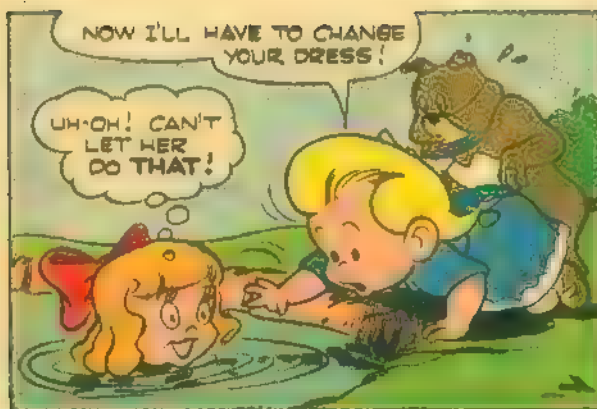
M-G-M CARTOONS
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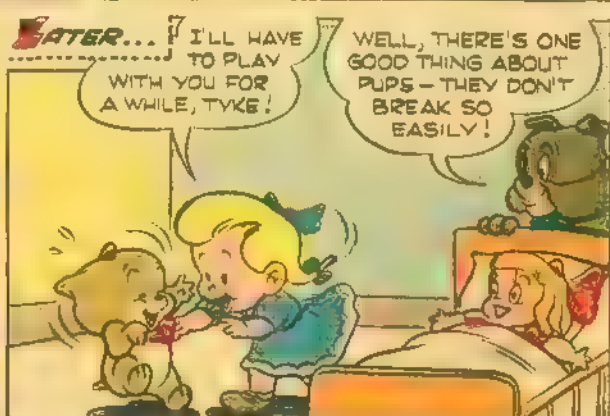
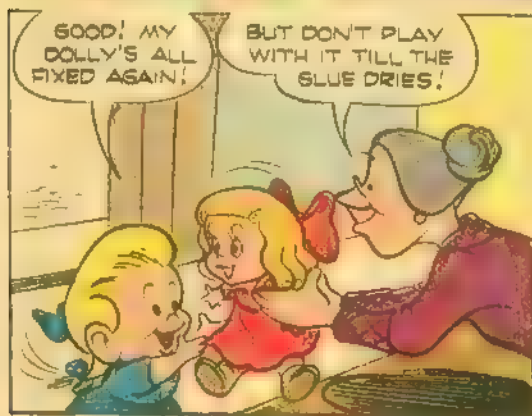
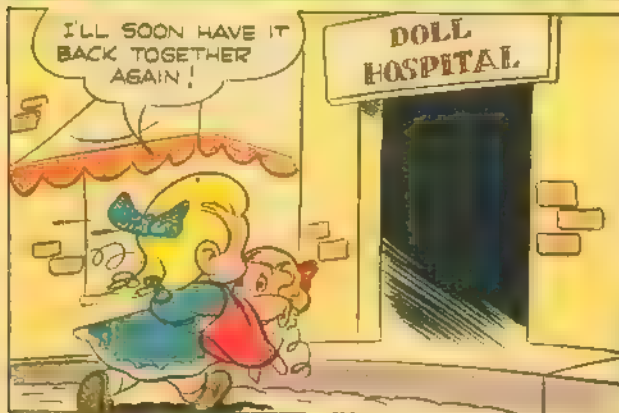
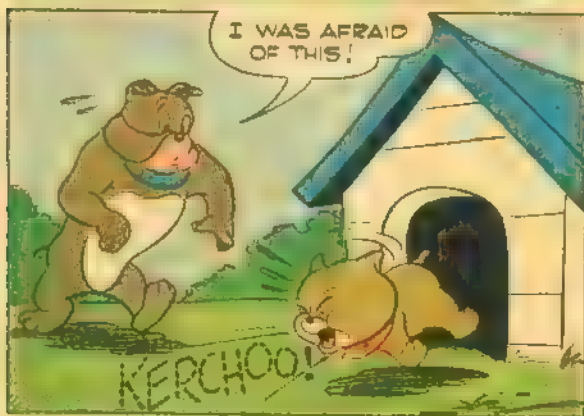
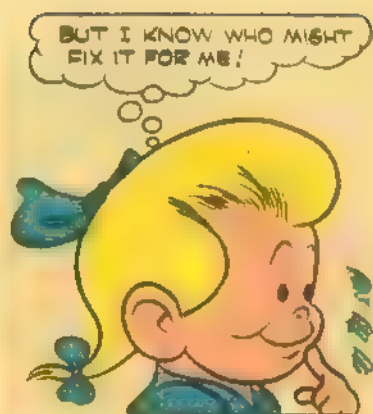
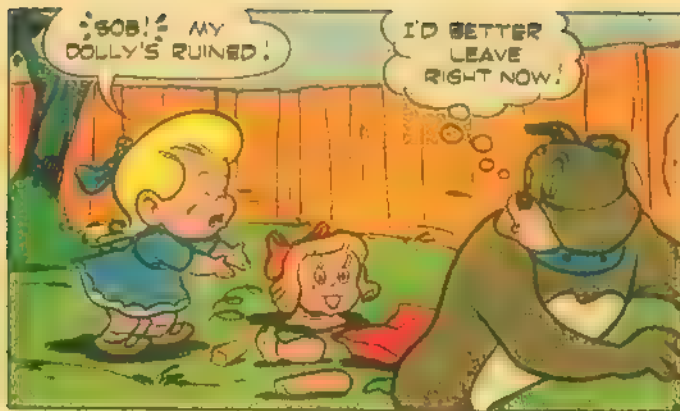
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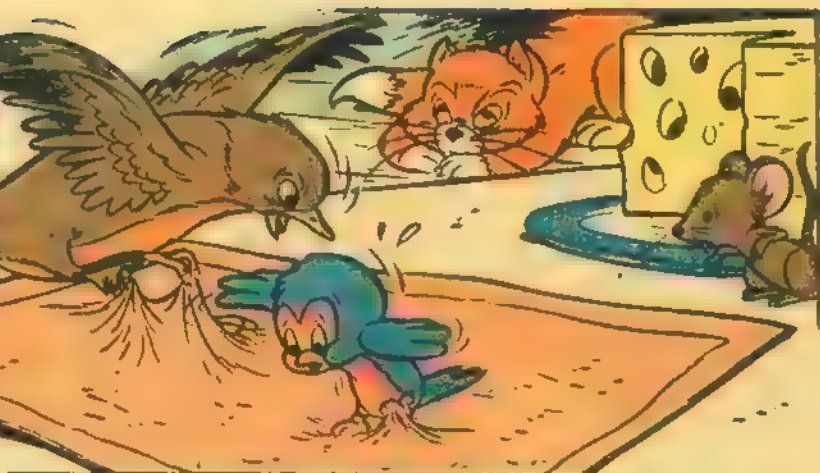




M-G-M CARTOONS
present

BERTIE BIRD

"A STICKY
ADVENTURE"



Bertie Bird swooped down and lit on the rim of the birdbath where Red Robin was taking his bath.

"Quick! Dry your feathers, Red Robin!" Bertie cried. "We're going places!"

"Where?" asked Red Robin, hopping out and shaking himself vigorously.

"To Uncle Silas's store," answered Bertie. "We haven't been there for a long time, and I'm just drooling for some of those nice cookie crumbs he feeds us."

"Yumity yum! So am I!" cried Red Robin, clacking his beak hungrily. "Let's go!"

Full of high spirits, they chased each other all the way to Uncle Silas's small country store in the sleepy little village of Crazy Corners.

"Oh, cheepers!" cried Bertie, disappointed, as they landed on the porch. "Uncle Silas is asleep."

Sure enough, there sat old Uncle Silas, tilted back in his chair on the porch, snoring like a steam engine.

"Well, let's wake him up!" said Red Robin.

A minute later, the air was filled with bird noises — shrieks, calls, screams, chirps, and songs. But Uncle Silas slept through it all.

"I know," said Bertie, eyeing Mirandy, Uncle Silas's cat, who was curled up asleep on the floor at his feet. "We'll make Mirandy yowl. That'll wake Uncle Silas up."

The birds weren't afraid of Mirandy — she was old and slow in her movements — so they boldly darted down and jerked a couple of hairs out of Mirandy's tail. But Mirandy didn't yowl. Instead, she got to her feet with great dignity and ambled away.

"That stupid old cat!" said Red Robin peevishly. "She's no help!"

"Maybe we can get in the store," said Bertie, "and find some cookie crumbs by ourselves. There ought to be some kind of an opening."

They flew 'round and 'round the store, but finally they had to give up that idea, too. The store was closed tighter than a drum.

"Oh, cheef!" sighed Bertie. "Guess we'll have to wait until Uncle Silas wakes up."

"That won't be necessary, fellows," said a squeaky little voice below them.

Startled, Bertie and Red Robin leaned over the edge of the porch and peered down into the grass.

A little brown mouse peeped up at them from under a leaf and wiggled his whiskers. "Hi!" he whispered. "I'm going in the store for my afternoon snack. Want to come along?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Bertie. "But how can you get in?"

"Like this," said the little mouse. He scrambled up to the porch, then, motioning for Bertie and Red Robin to follow him, he scurried across the porch and stopped in front of the screen door. He pushed up Mirandy's small swinging door, and said, "Hop in!"

"How clever!" said Red Robin, as he and Bertie ducked in, followed by the mouse.

"Huh! If you think that's clever," the mouse said, "just watch me snitch some cheese!" He scampered around in back of the counter. Bertie and Red Robin flew after him.

In a dark corner under the counter, the birds saw a mousetrap baited with a small piece of cheese, and they wondered how the mouse was going to get the cheese without getting caught.

But he casually dropped a lead pencil to spring the trap, then ignored the cheese and scrambled up to the top of the counter.

"Aren't you going to eat the cheese?" asked Bertie.

"Not that stale old trap cheese!" said the mouse. "I prefer fresh cheese!" He skittered along the top of the counter to a round drum of cheese covered with a wooden lid.

Full of curiosity, Bertie and Red Robin perched on the counter to watch him.

The mouse squatted on his haunches, lifted the cheese lid with his front paws, and held it up while he happily nibbled the cheese.

"You're clever, all right!" said Red Robin. "But why did you spring the trap?"

"Just for fun!" answered the mouse. He gulped down a piece of cheese. "Have some? It's delicious!"

"No, thanks!" said Bertie. "I don't like cheese. I prefer cookie crumbs. Come on, Red Robin, let's find some!"

As they darted about the store, searching, Bertie suddenly cried, "Red Robin! Look! Flies!"

"Wheel!" cried Red Robin excitedly. "A feast!" And forgetting about cookie crumbs, he and Bertie dived down.

Splat! They landed right in the middle of a piece of sticky flypaper.

"Help! We're stuck!" cried Bertie.

The little mouse, bulging with cheese, waddled down the counter and looked at his poor unfortunate friends. "Golly!" he said. "I'm sorry, but I can't help you. If I step on that sticky paper, I'll be stuck, too." And off he scampered, leaving the little birds to their fate.

Bertie and Red Robin became panicked, and they screamed and struggled desperately. But the more they struggled, the more entangled they became.

Finally, Bertie gave a terrific jerk backwards. Off the counter slid the paper, and Bertie, Red Robin, flypaper, and flies landed on the floor with a plop!

At that moment, in through her swinging door walked Mirandy.

"Mrow!" yelled Mirandy, as she spied the struggling little birds. Then, crouching, she got set to spring.

She didn't look so old to Bertie now. "Oh!" he wailed. "This is the end of us!"

Mirandy sprang, and there she was, stuck fast to the flypaper, too.

"YE-OWW!" she screamed, and her loud voice brought Uncle Silas on the double.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed, as he stared at the strange assortment of captives on the flypaper.

Quickly pulling Mirandy off the paper, Uncle Silas locked her in a storeroom. Then he rescued the birds and washed the stickiness off their feet and feathers. "Reckon I know what you two sneaked in here for," he chuckled. "Cookie crumbs, eh?"

At that moment, Bertie and Red Robin were not a bit interested in cookie crumbs. They just wanted to get out of there.

Understanding how they felt, Uncle Silas carried them to the door and set them free.

"Oh, Red Robin!" cried Bertie. "What a narrow escape! I'll never come here again!"

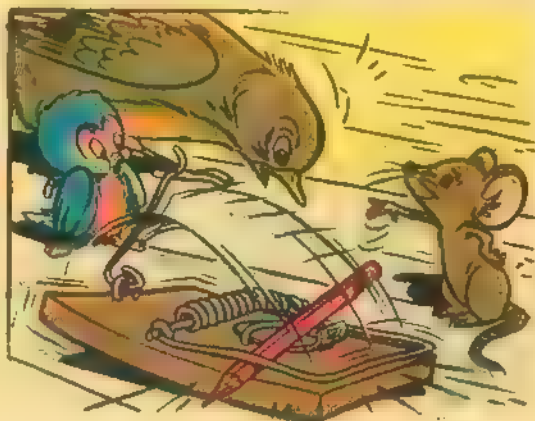
"Neither will I!" said Red Robin. "I hate cookie crumbs!"

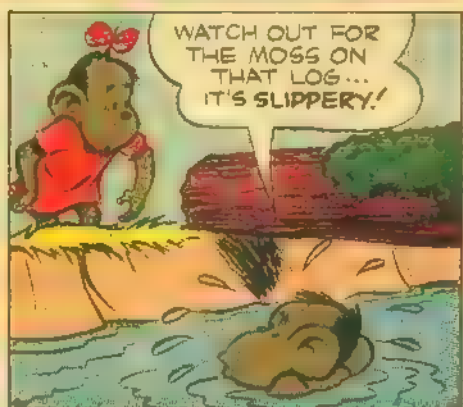
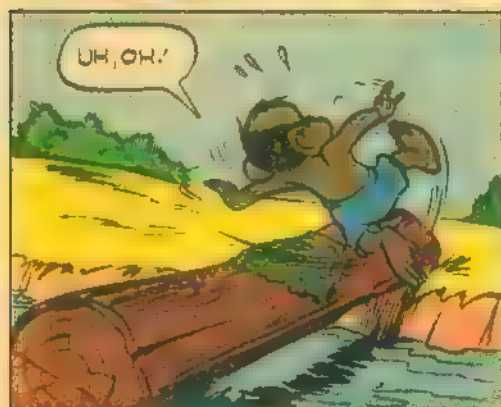
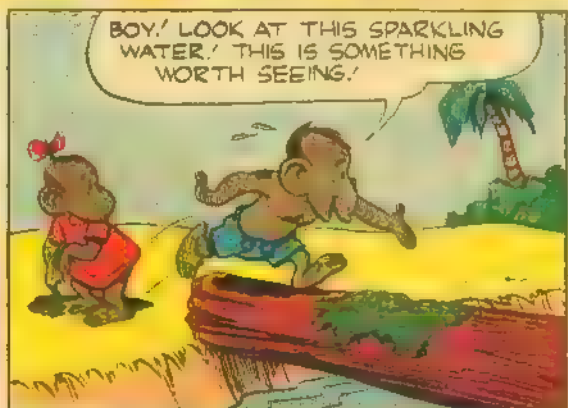
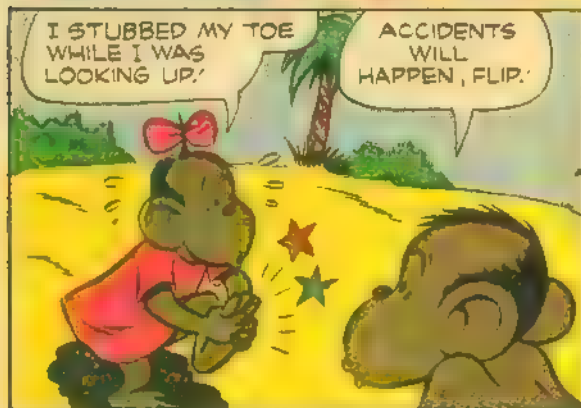
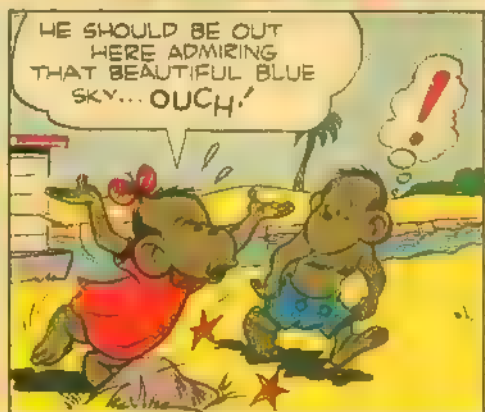
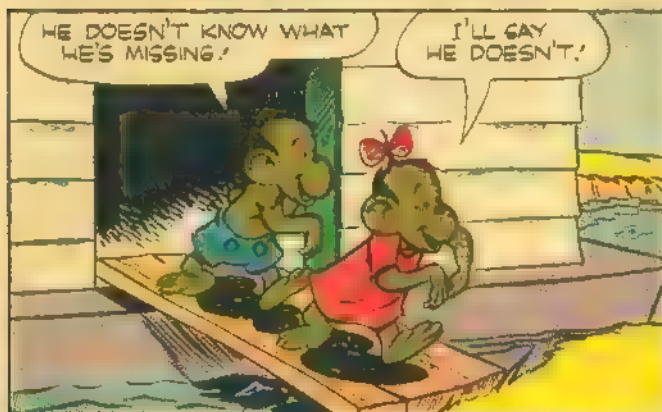
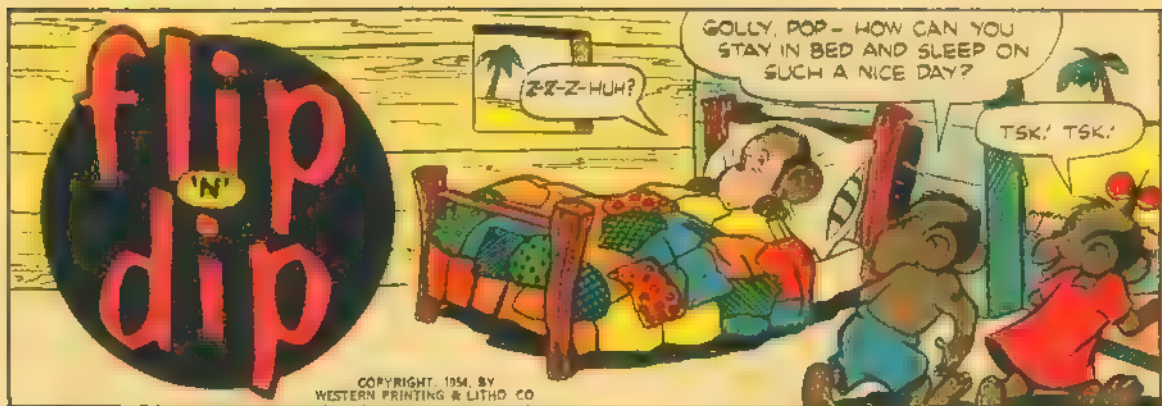
But a week later, guess who was gobbling up cookie crumbs on the porch of Uncle Silas's store — Bertie and Red Robin!

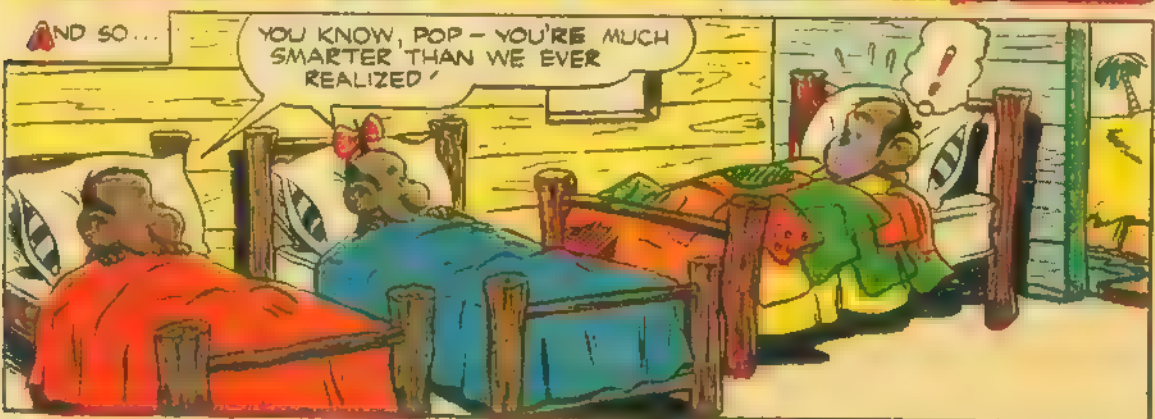
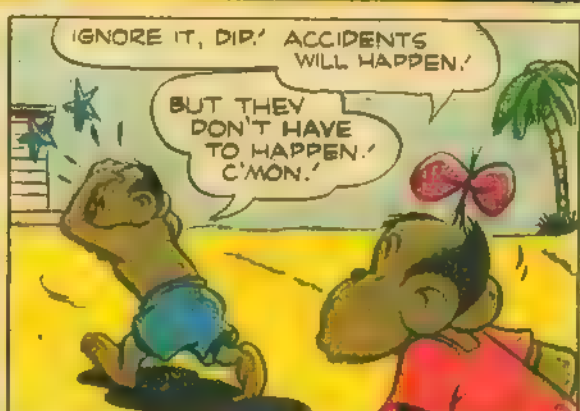
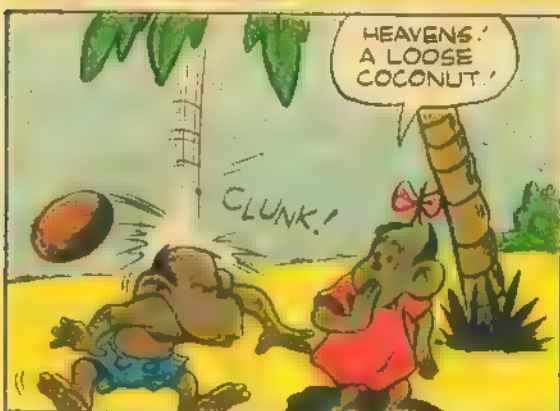
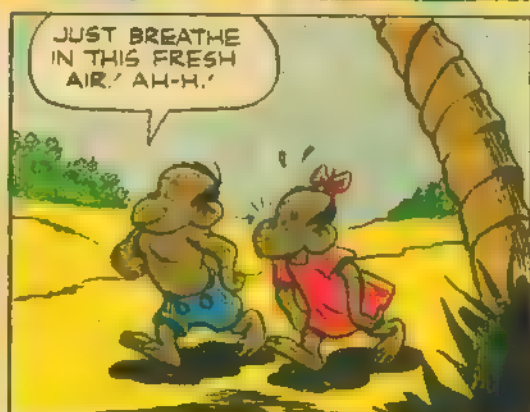
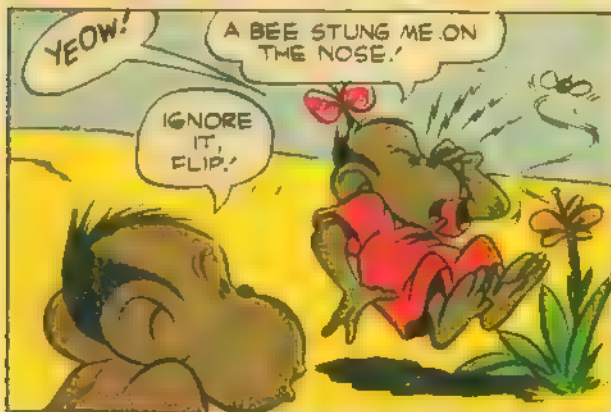
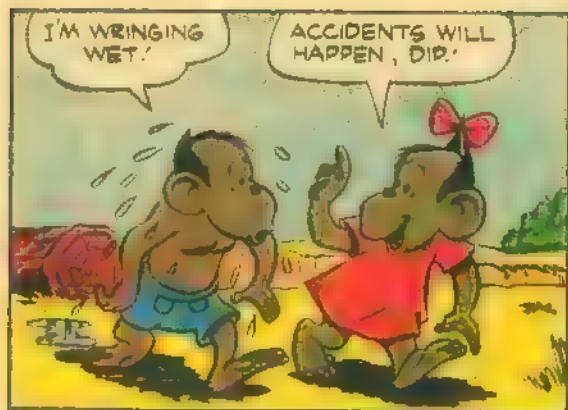
Scared? Not this time. They had been polite and had waited until Uncle Silas served them.

"Now you're gettin' smart," Uncle Silas told them.

Bertie and Red Robin were too busy eating to answer, but they agreed!







M.G.M.-CARTOONS

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT IS PUTTIN' ON A HALLOWEEN SHOW TO KEEP THE KIDS OUT OF MISCHIEF TONIGHT!

NO, THANKS! I KNOW HOW TO KEEP MY KIDS IN LINE!

THE TICKETS ARE A BUCK!

present
BARNEY BEAR

- with -
Fuzzy and Wuzzy

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF KNOWIN' HOW TO HANDLE CHILDREN... BLAH, BLAH, BLAH!

AW, GNATS!

YOU TWO ARE GONNA STAY HOME TONIGHT AND BEHAVE!

YOU MEAN WE CAN'T GO OUT AND SCARE PEOPLE?

IF YOU WANT TO SCARE ANYBODY, SCARE ME!

I CAN TAKE IT! HA, HA!

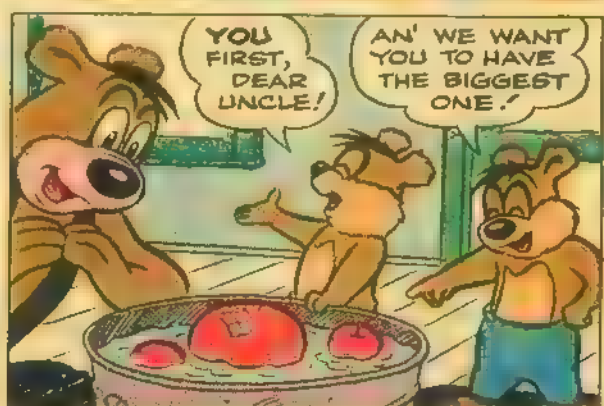
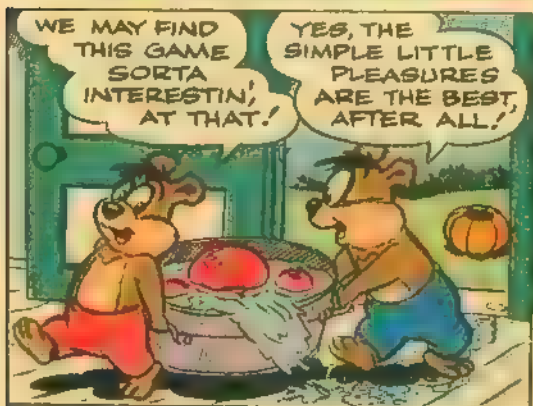
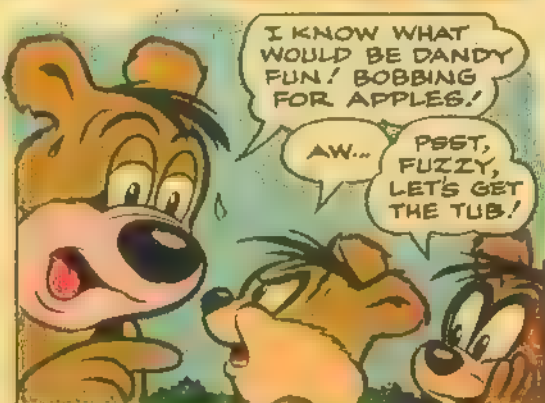
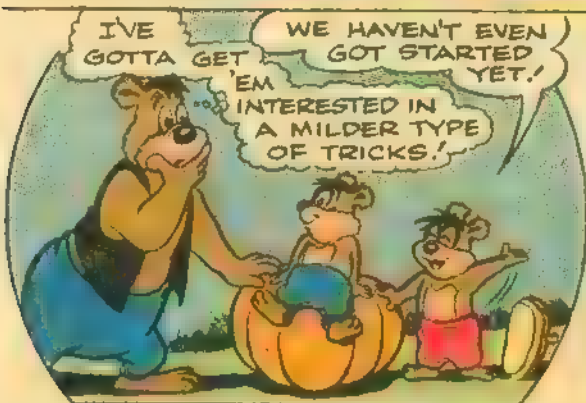
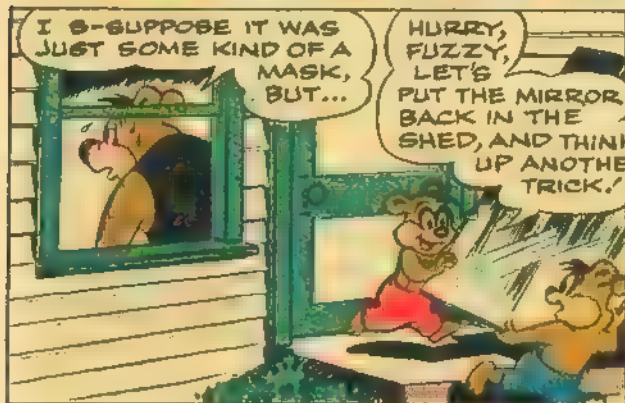
AW, SNOZZLEWOZZLE!

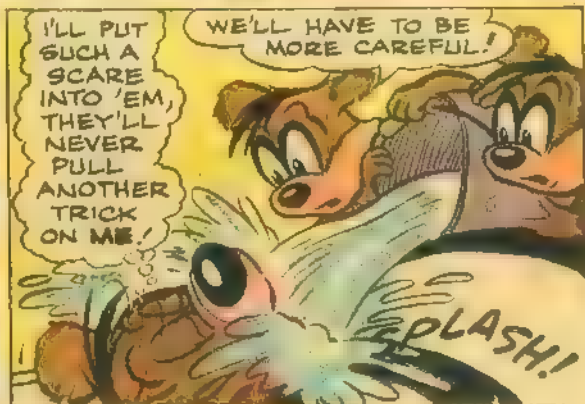
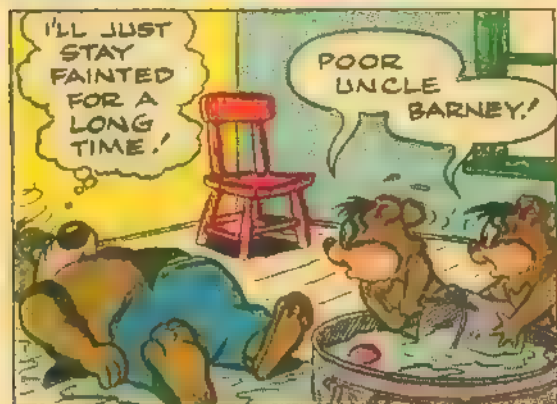
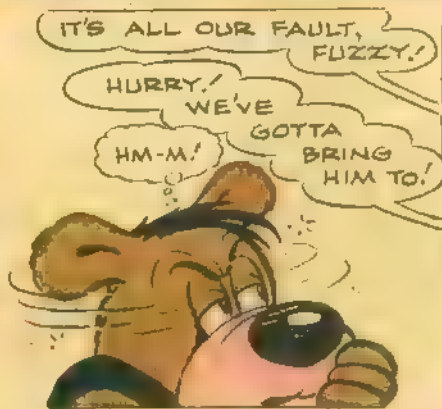
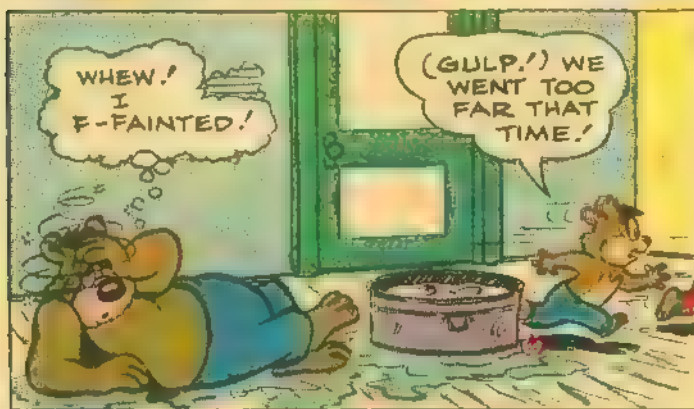
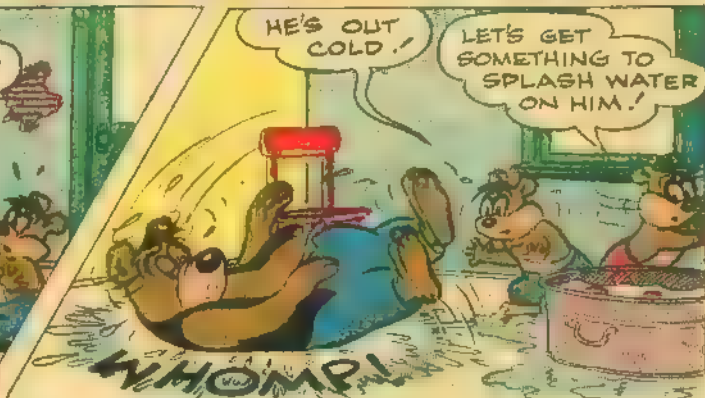
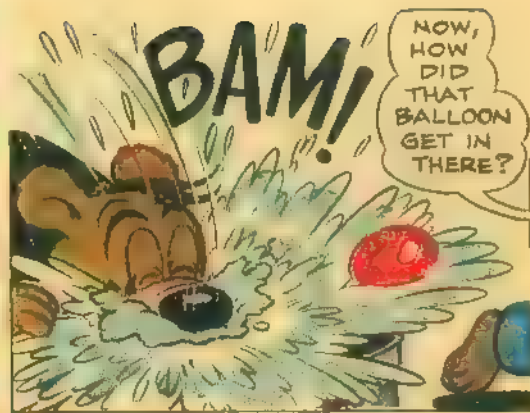
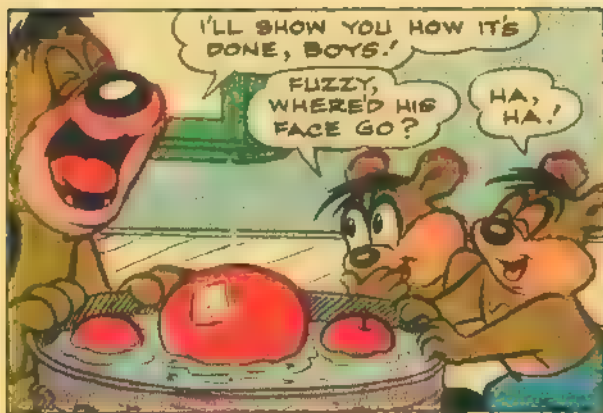
WHAT FUN IS THERE IN RINGIN' OUR DOORBELL AND GOIN' "BOO"?

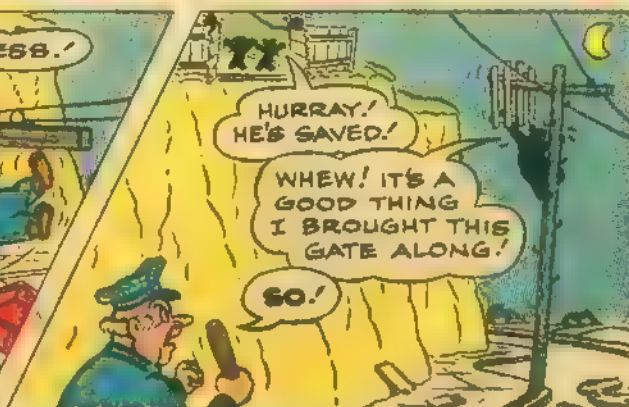
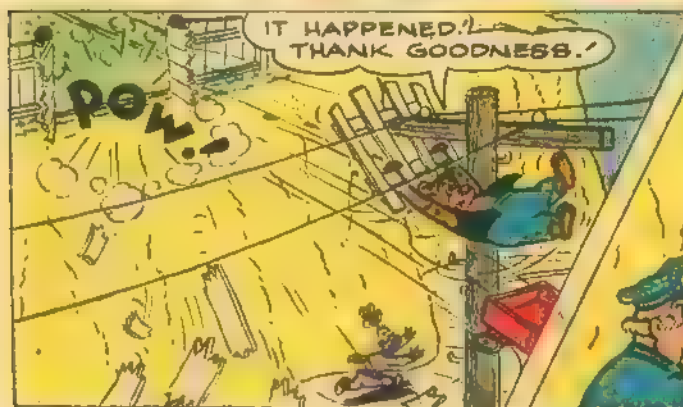
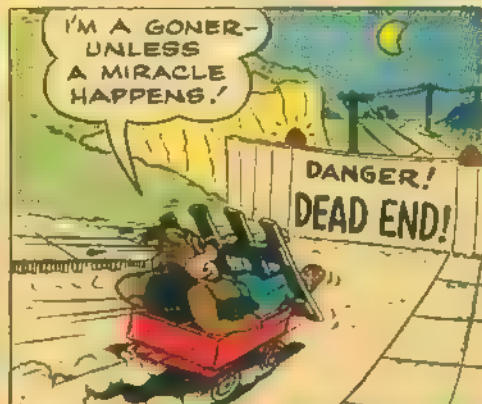
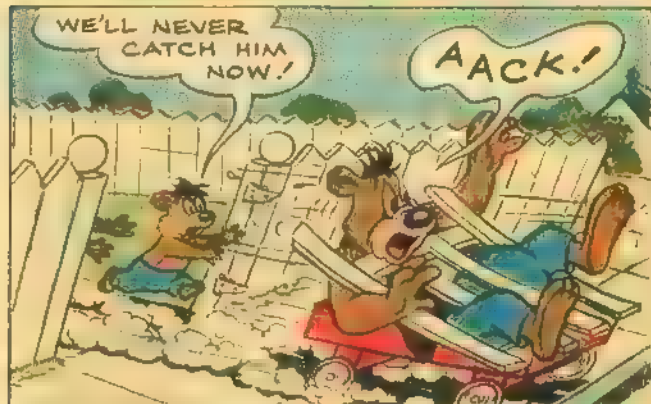
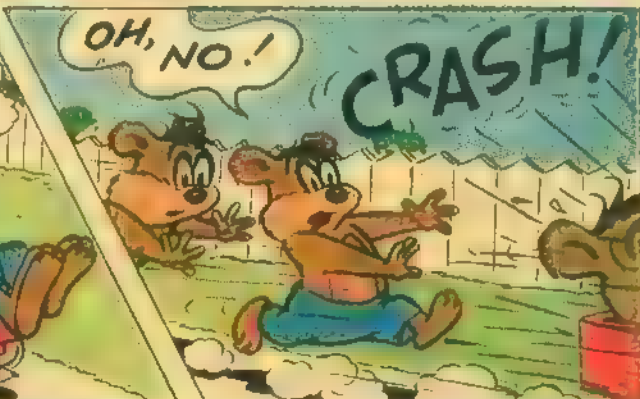
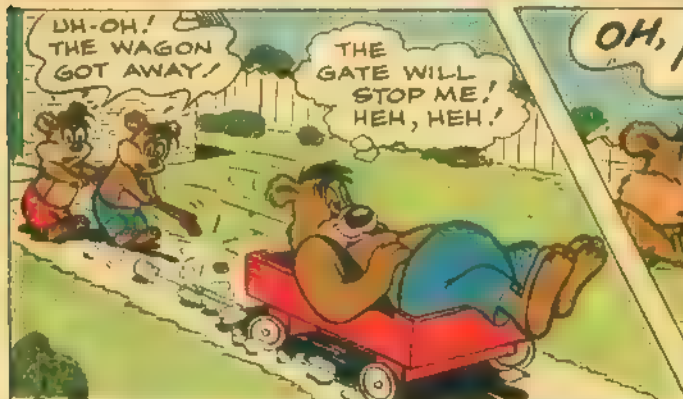
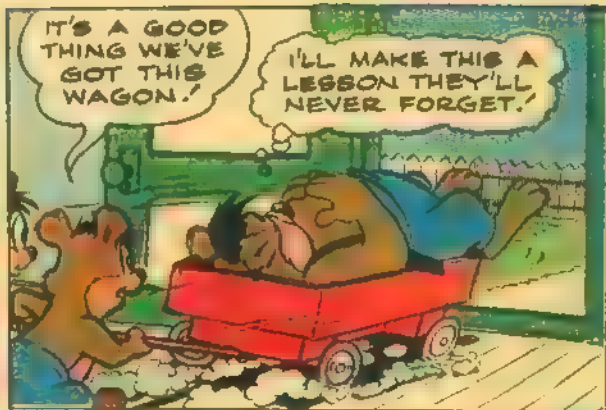
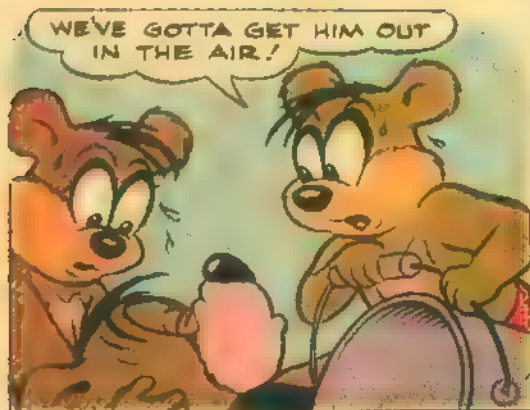
WE'LL GIVE THE GAG A NEW TWIST! LISTEN...

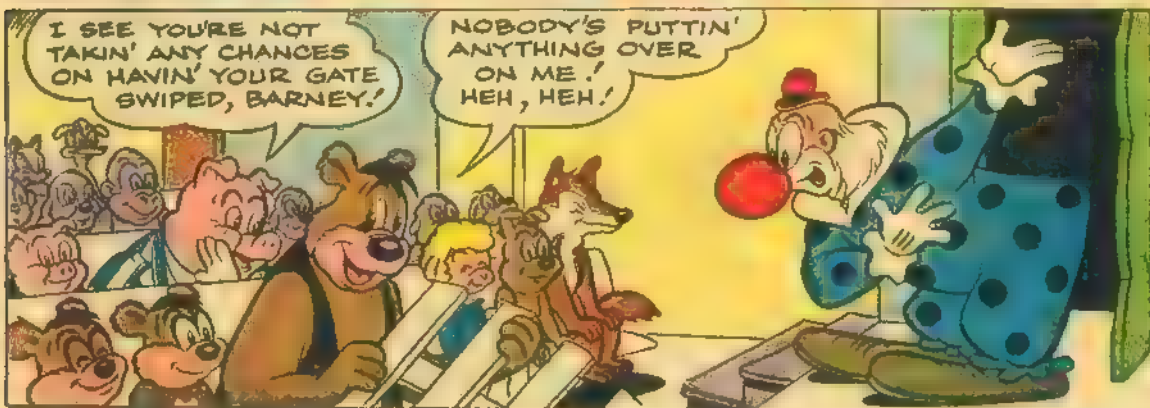
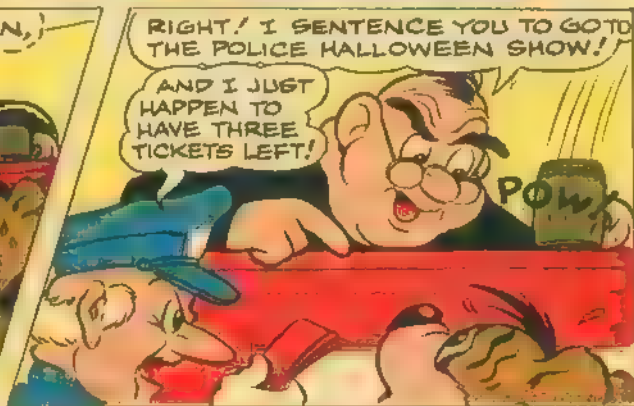
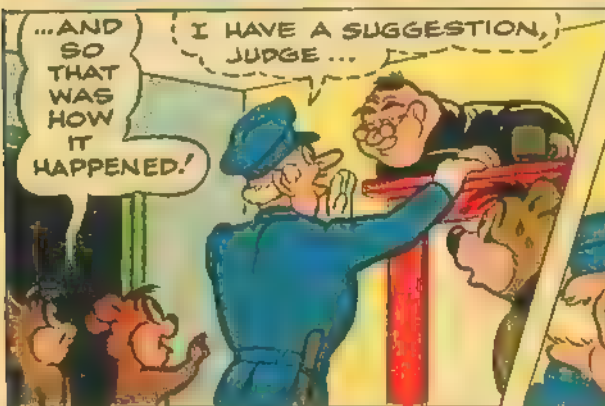
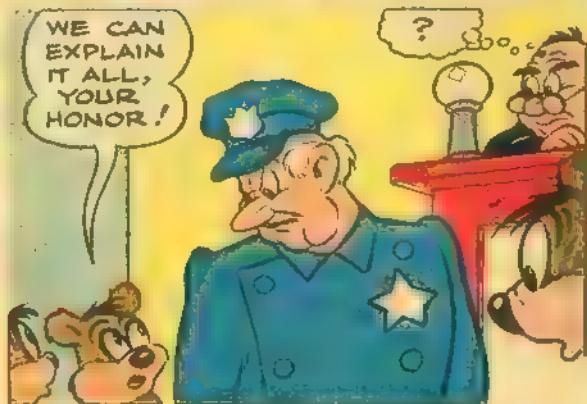
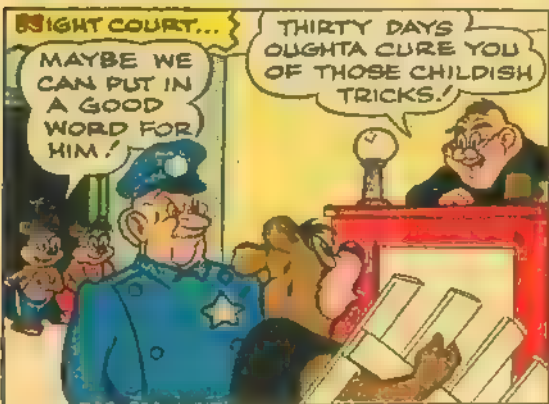
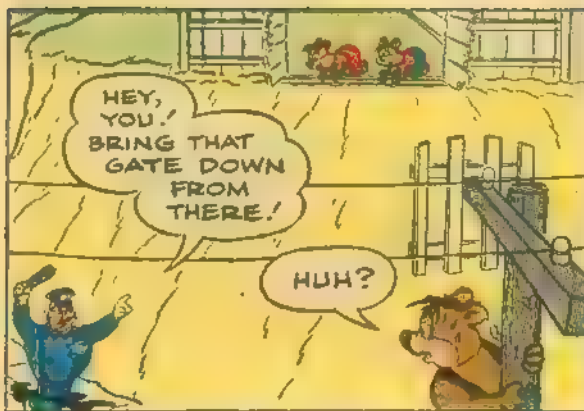
INSTEAD OF ACTIN' SCARED, I'LL JUST LAUGH AT 'EM, AND THEN THEY'LL QUIT THIS NONSENSE!

RINGALING!



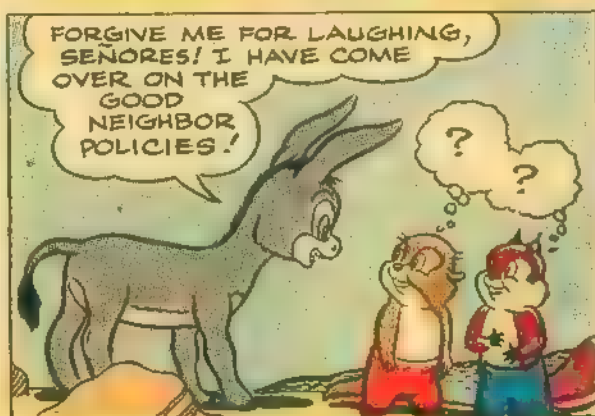
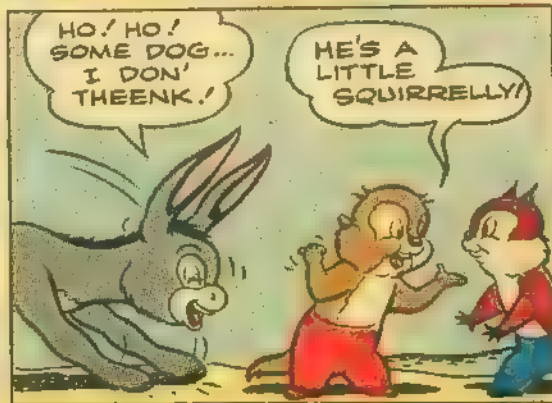
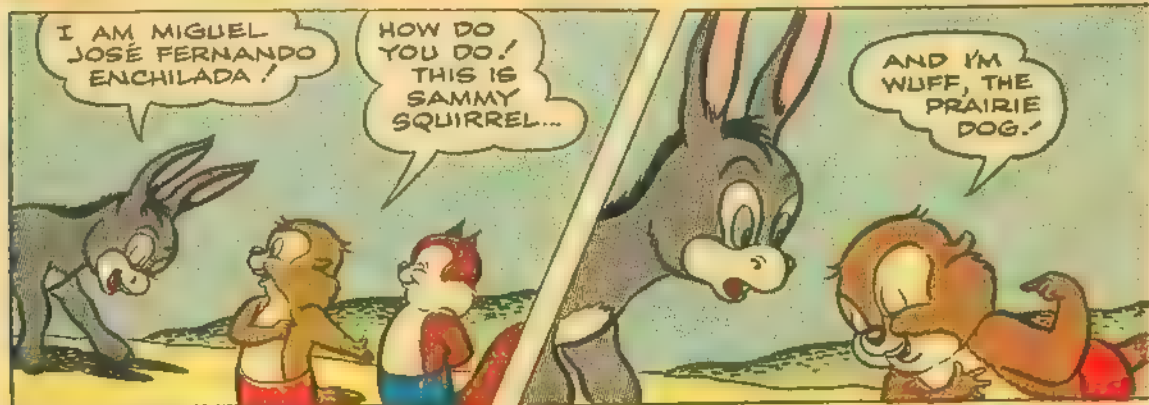
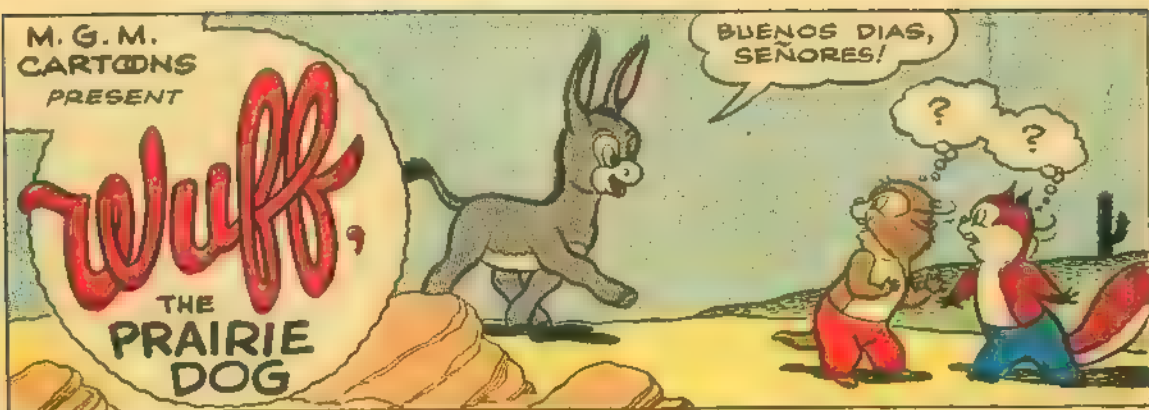


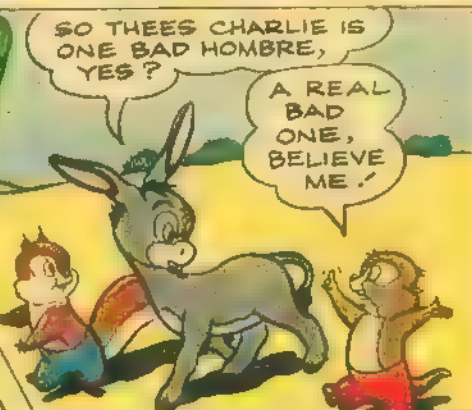
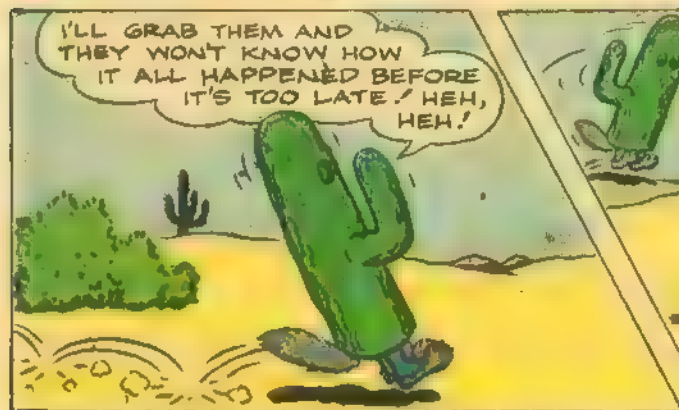
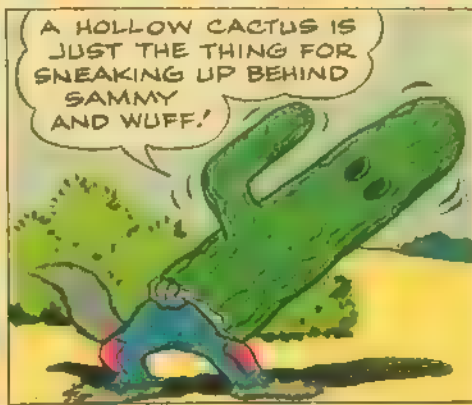
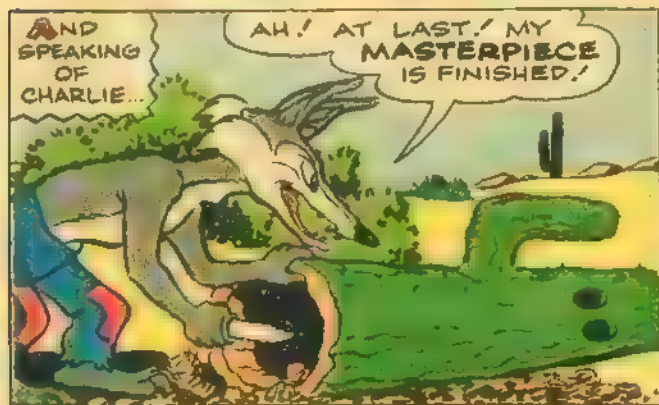
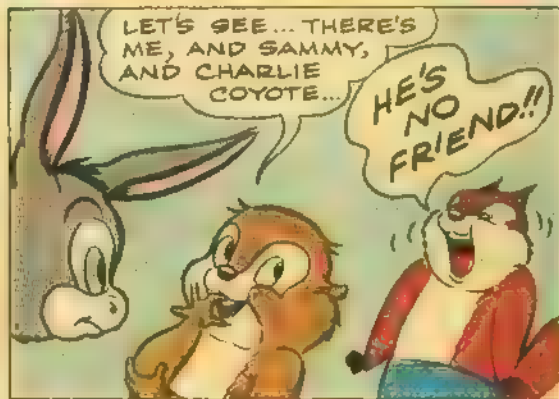
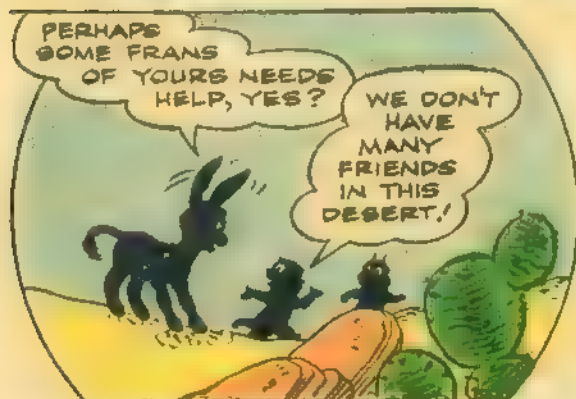
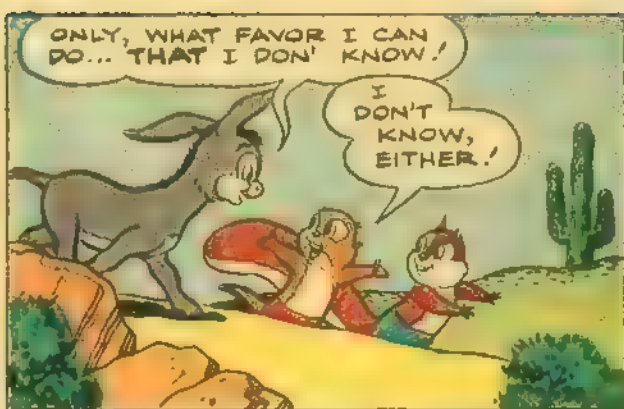
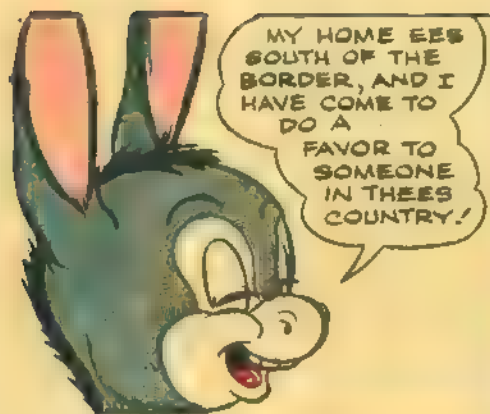


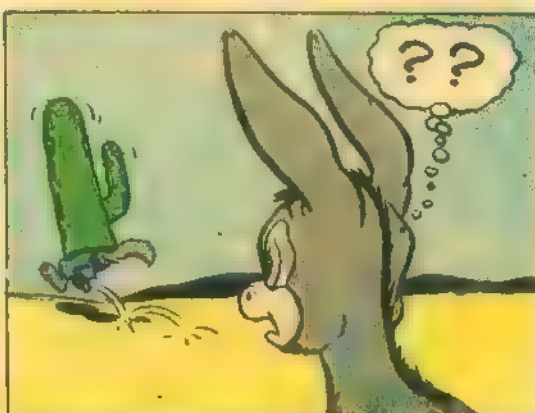
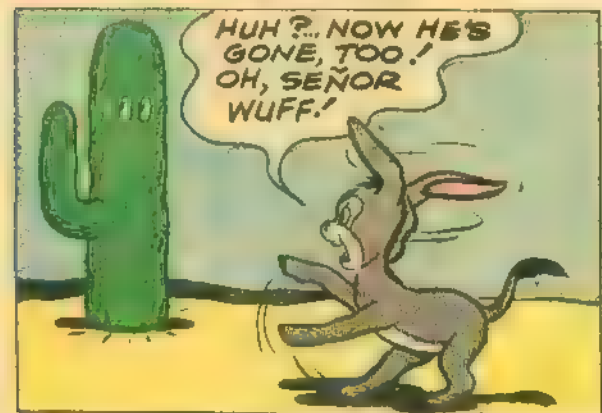
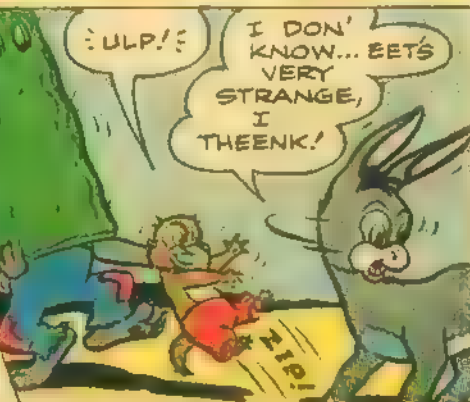
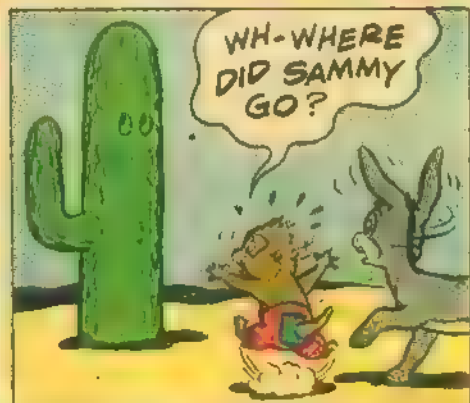
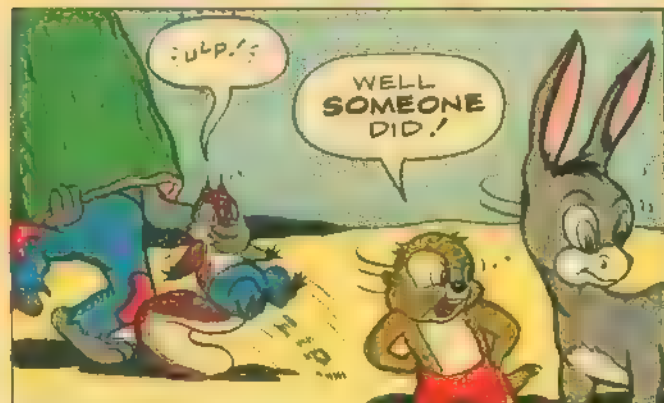
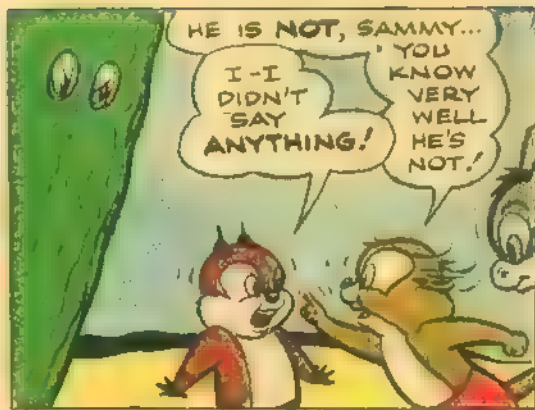
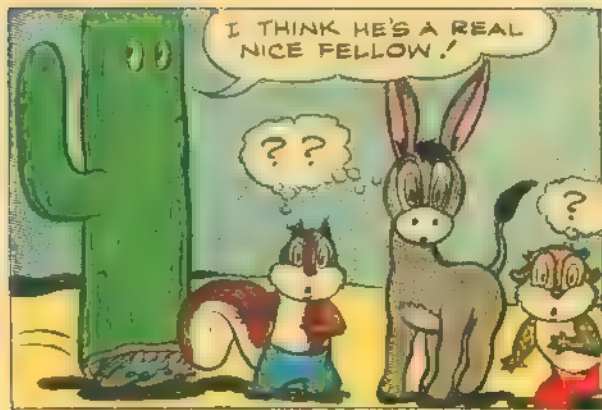


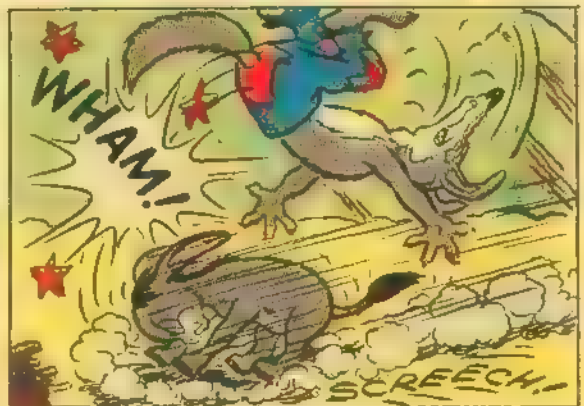
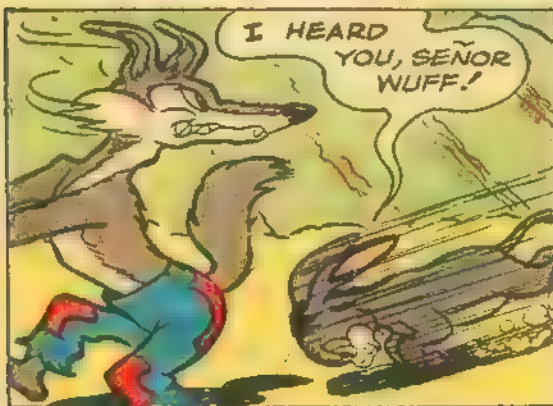
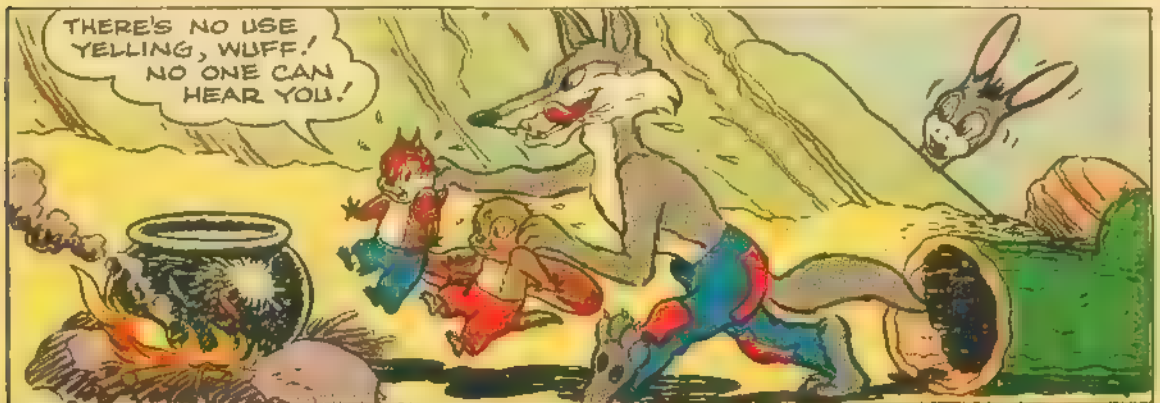
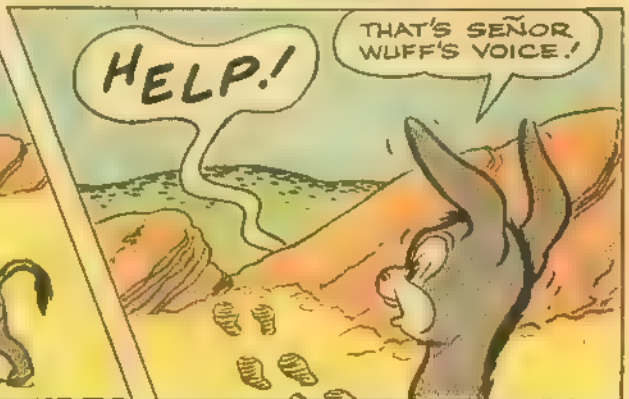
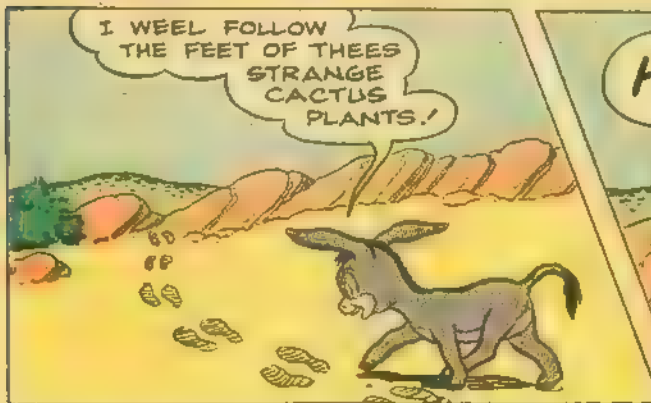
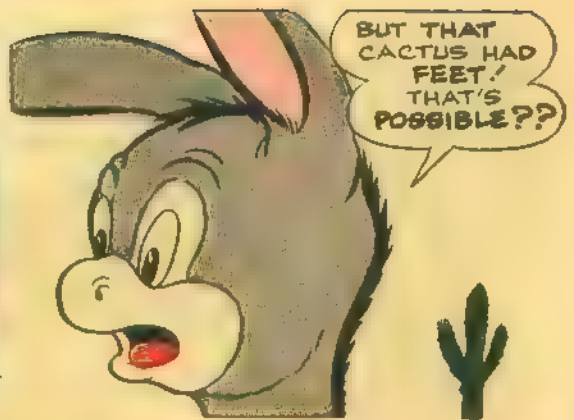
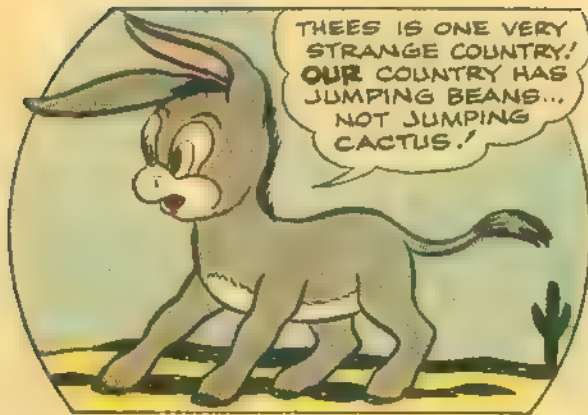
M. G. M.
CARTOONS
PRESENT

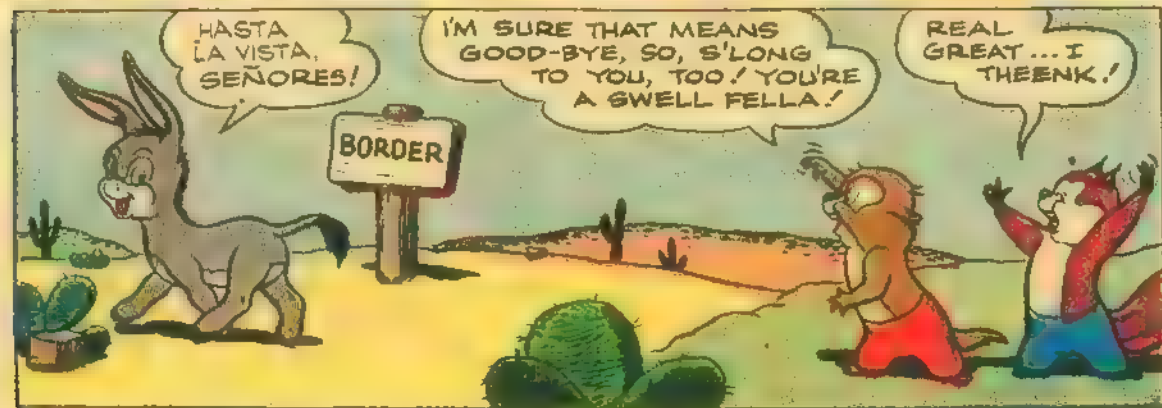
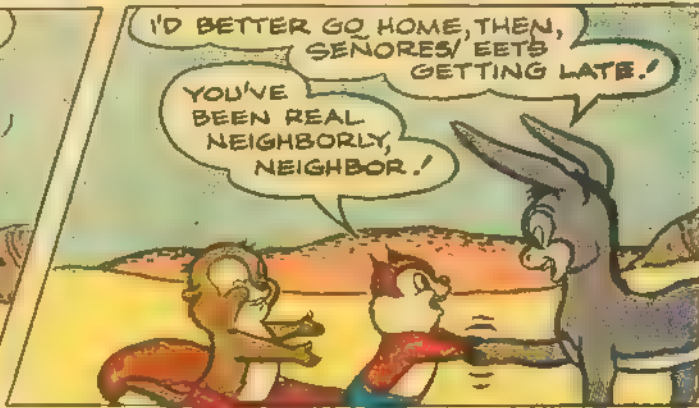
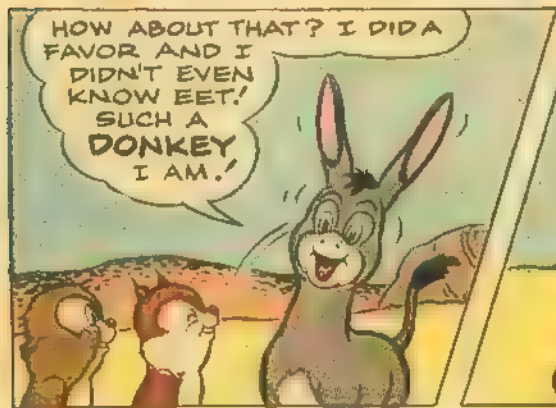
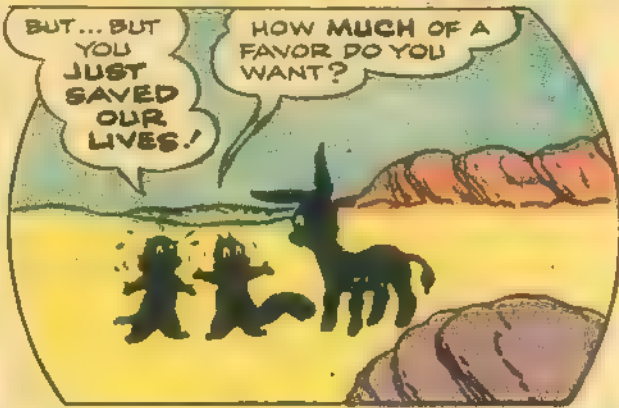
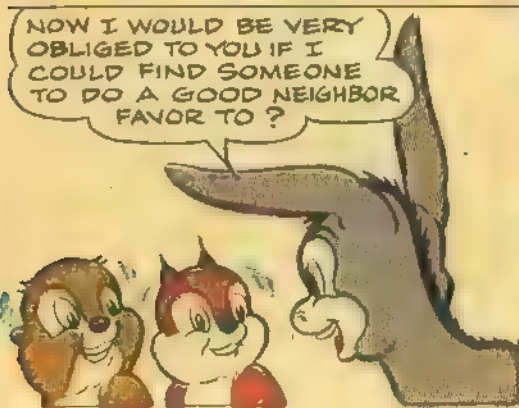
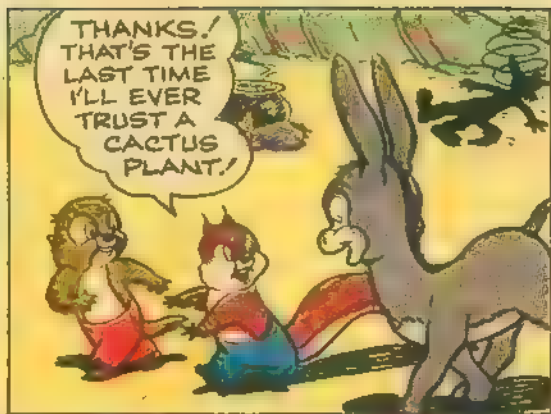
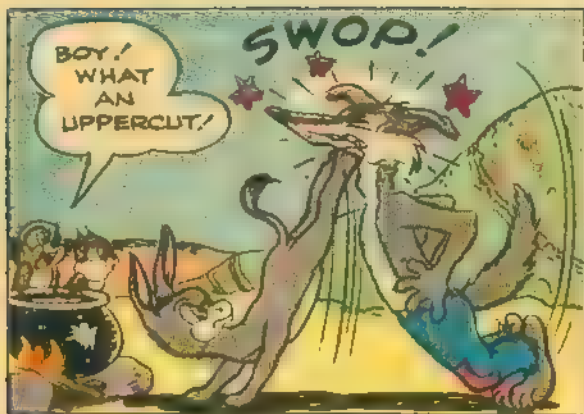
WUFF, THE PRAIRIE DOG









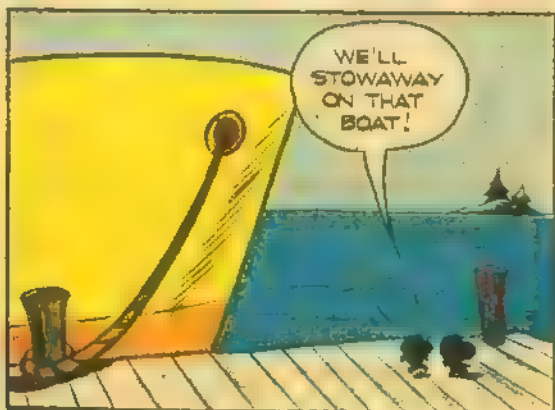
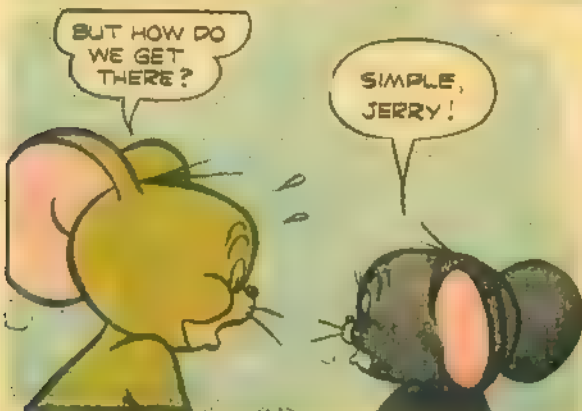
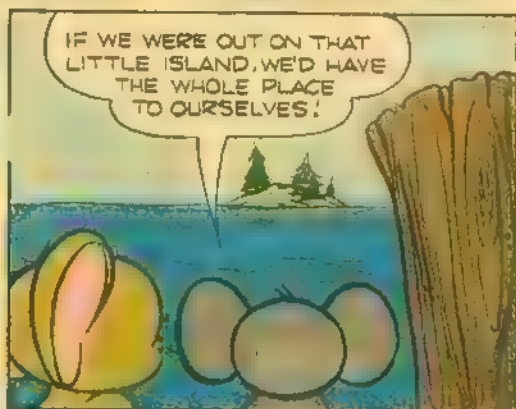
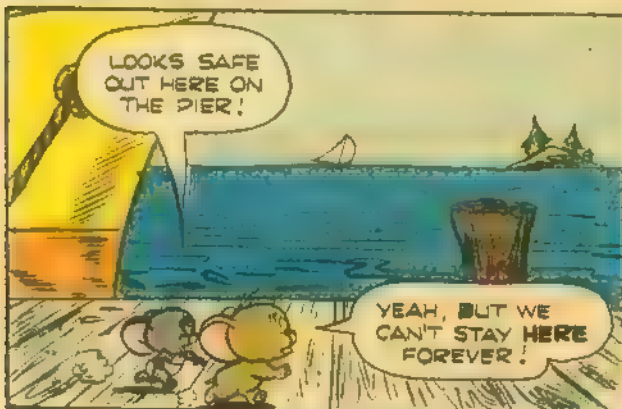
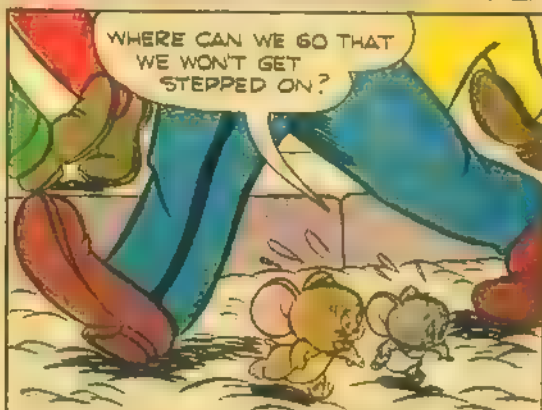
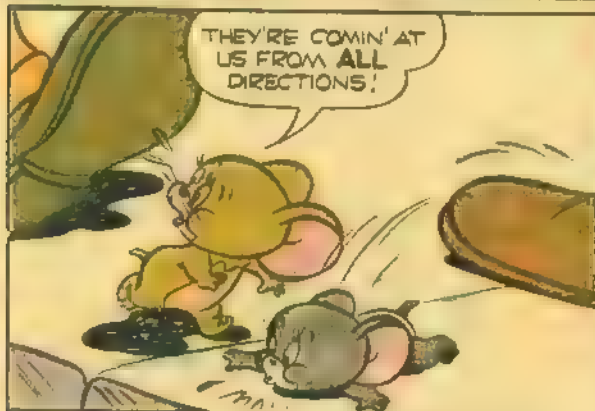


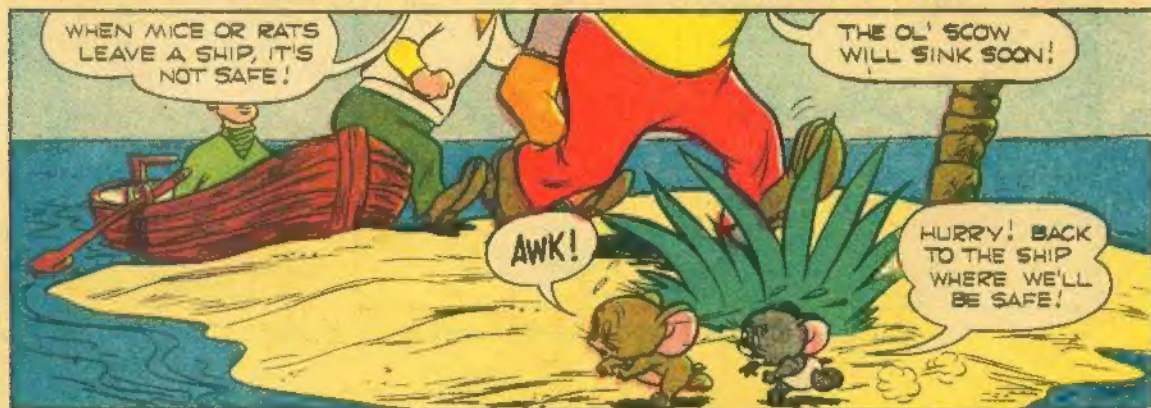
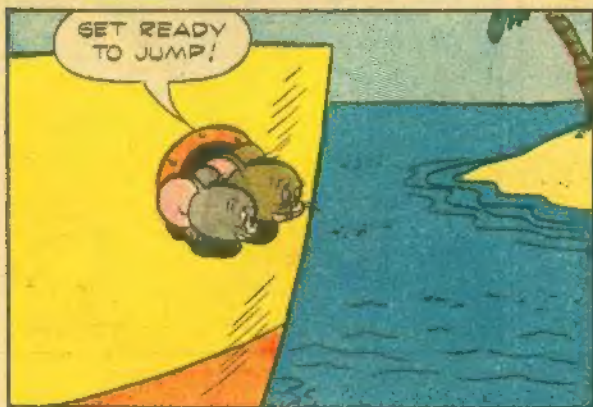
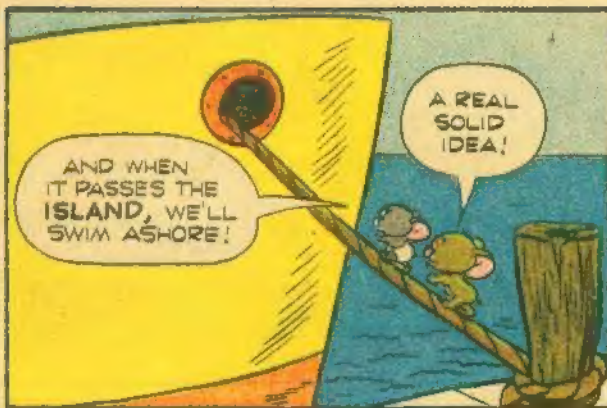
M-G-M CARTOONS

present

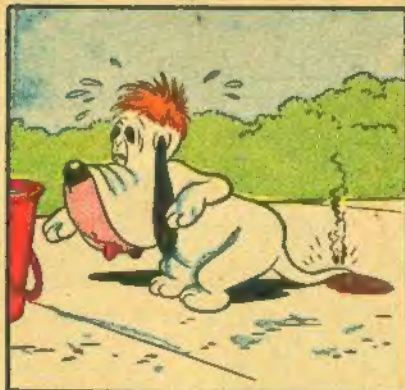
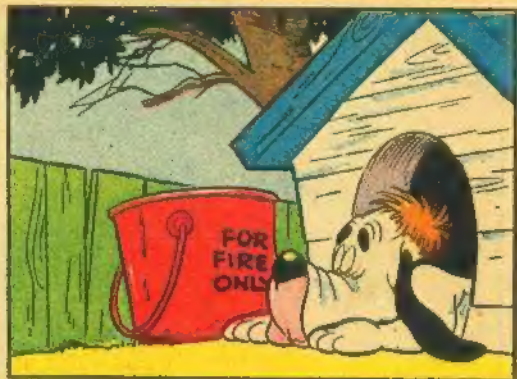
Jerry and Tuffy

WATCH OUT FOR
THAT FOOT,
TUFFY!





DROOPY



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



**GIVE ME BACK MY
DELL COMICS CLUB
LUCKY PENNY
POCKETPIECE!**

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